

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1888.

LANDMARKS OF HISTORY.*

BY THE EDITOR.

V.

IN our last paper we traced the fortunes of the founder of the Napoleonic dynasty. In the present paper we shall outline briefly the remarkable career of his successor, Napoleon III. The house of Bourbon, for whose re-establishment on the throne of France oceans of blood were shed, was destined soon to disappear amid the kaleidoscopic changes that the government of that country underwent. In 1830 and in 1848 the throne again was shaken, and at last on its ruins another Republic was set up. "At the very beginning of the new *régime*," says Dr. Ridpath, "a shadow, sphinx-like and historic, stole out of the horizon and stood up in the midst. It was Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, son of King Louis of Holland and Hortense de Beauharnais. The apparition came out of England on the very heels of the Revolution of 1848. This strange personage, destined to play so important a part in the subsequent history of France and Europe, had had the career of an adventurer." He was born in the Tuileries, on the 20th of April, 1808. Napoleon I. stood as his godfather. After the collapse of the

* *Cyclopædia of Universal History*: Being an account of the principal events in the career of the human race from the beginnings of civilization to the present time. From recent and authentic sources. Complete in three volumes. Imp. 8vo, 2,364 pages. By JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, LL.D., Prof. of History in DePauw University; author of *A History of the United States*, *The Life and Work of Garfield*, etc. Profusely illustrated with maps, charts, sketches, portraits, and diagrams. The Jones Brothers Publishing Co., Cincinnati. Much of this chapter is told in the very words of Dr. Ridpath, somewhat abridged.

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Empire, he lived with his mother at Arenenberg. Subsequently he joined the Patriots in Italy.

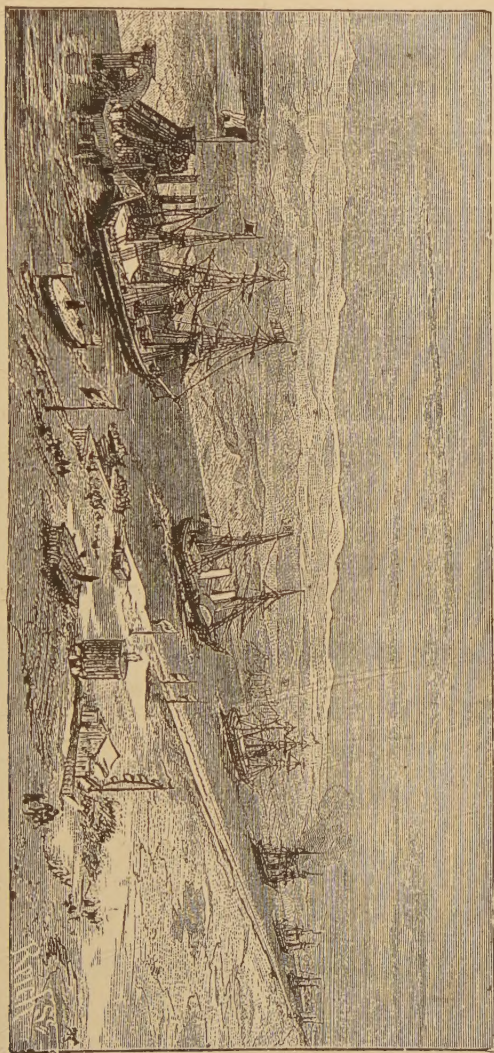
In 1836 he made an abortive attempt to start a revolution at Strasburg, but the poor drabbed eagle of France refused to perch on his shoulders. The ridiculous fiasco ended in his arrest, a brief imprisonment in the citadel of Lorient, his con-



THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

veyance to Brazil, and thence to New York. Here for a while he lived in obscurity. His means were exhausted, his associates were the young men of the Bowery, and he is said to have run foot races for a wager. After a season he took up his residence in London, served as a special constable during the Chartist riots, won the attention of some distinguished personages, associated with the Countess of Blessington, and Count d'Orsay, and published, in 1839, his *Idées Napoléoniennes*.

In 1840, he returned to the Continent and undertook the seemingly Quixotic project of recovering the French throne; but the business ended in another collapse as absurd as that of



SUEZ CANAL.

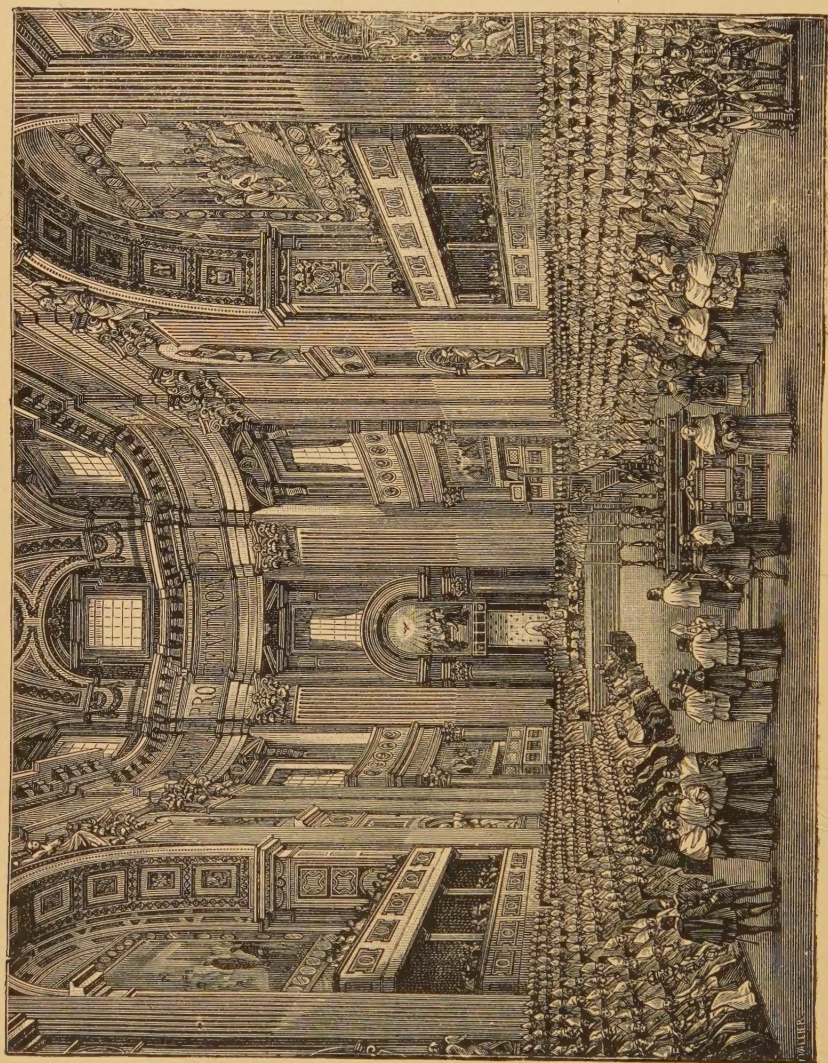
Strasburg.

Again he was seized, and this time condemned to perpetual imprisonment. He was confined in the fortress of Ham, when he succeeded in making his escape in a most remarkable manner. The castle was undergoing repairs. By the connivance of his attendant physician he disguised himself in the garb of a workman, a lay figure being made to occupy his place in bed. As he was passing the guard, his little dog recognized him and began to bark. The fugitive let fall his pipe, stooped to pick it up, so

escaped detection, soon entered a carriage and was conveyed over the border to Belgium and eventually to England.

On the dethronement of Louis Phillippe, in 1848, he returned to Paris and was at once elected to the Constituent Assembly.

The magic of his name acted like a spell. He was soon elected, by an overwhelming majority, President of the Republic. He earned the title, Eldest Son of the Church, by replacing the



ECUMENICAL COUNCIL.

exiled Pope on his throne and maintaining his authority with French bayonets. On December 2nd, 1851, the Sphinx executed his famous *coup d' état*. After a gay reception at the Elysée, during the night seventy-eight of the leading members of the

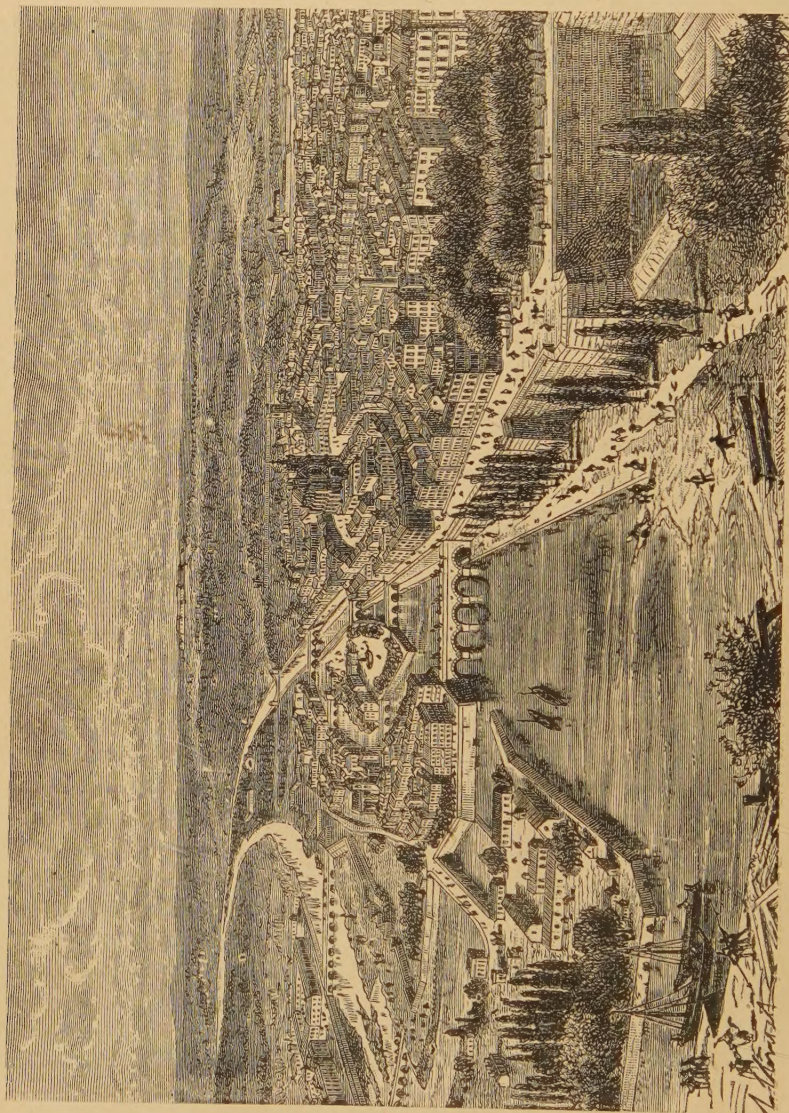
Parliamentary Opposition were seized, at their own houses, and thrust into prison. Yet such was the hallucination of the people that within three weeks he was elected President for ten years, by a vote of over seven millions, against less than one million. Within ten months he was elected Emperor by a still greater majority. Soon, after the manner of usurpers, he plunged the nation into foreign wars: first the disastrous Crimean campaign, then an expedition against Cochin-China, then war against Austria for the "Unification of Italy." Having broken the power of Austria, at Magenta and Solferino, and secured Nice and Savoy for France, his zeal for Italian unity cooled. He was now at the height of his power. He reconstructed Paris and made it the pleasure city of Europe—of the world. At the great Exhibition of 1867, foreign potentates thronged the gay capital, and the star of Napoleon was at its zenith. Through the energy and genius of De Lesseps, the Suez Canal was completed, and the *fêtes* of Ismailia were celebrated, and French influence was paramount in Egypt.

Now his star of destiny began to decline. One great mistake of policy was the attempt to establish a European dynasty in Mexico—"to restore," to use his own words, "the influence of the Latin race in America." The unfortunate Maximilian, deserted by the power that had placed him on the throne, soon fell a victim to his misplaced ambition, and the ex-Empress Carlotta languishes in a retreat for the insane.

Other causes contributed to the eclipse of the Napoleonic star. The beautiful Empress Eugenie—the most beautiful woman, it was claimed, in Europe—the moulder of fashion, the "cynosure of every eye," was a bigoted Catholic—a true daughter of Spain and a thorough ultramontane. With no abilities above the choice of a bonnet, she attempted to play the part of an arbitress of the destinies of Europe. She urged on the Emperor in his support of the Pope, and in his antipathy to the Protestant states of Germany, whose unification was foreshadowed by the formation of the North-German Union, in 1867. By this movement twenty-two German States were merged into a nation having a common system of administration. Bismarck became the most powerful minister, and King William the most popular ruler in Christendom. French jealousy of the growing influence of Prussia was kindled to a fever heat. When a desire for a quarrel exists an occasion is not hard to find. A very trivial one in this case sufficed. The alleged Hohenzollern candidacy

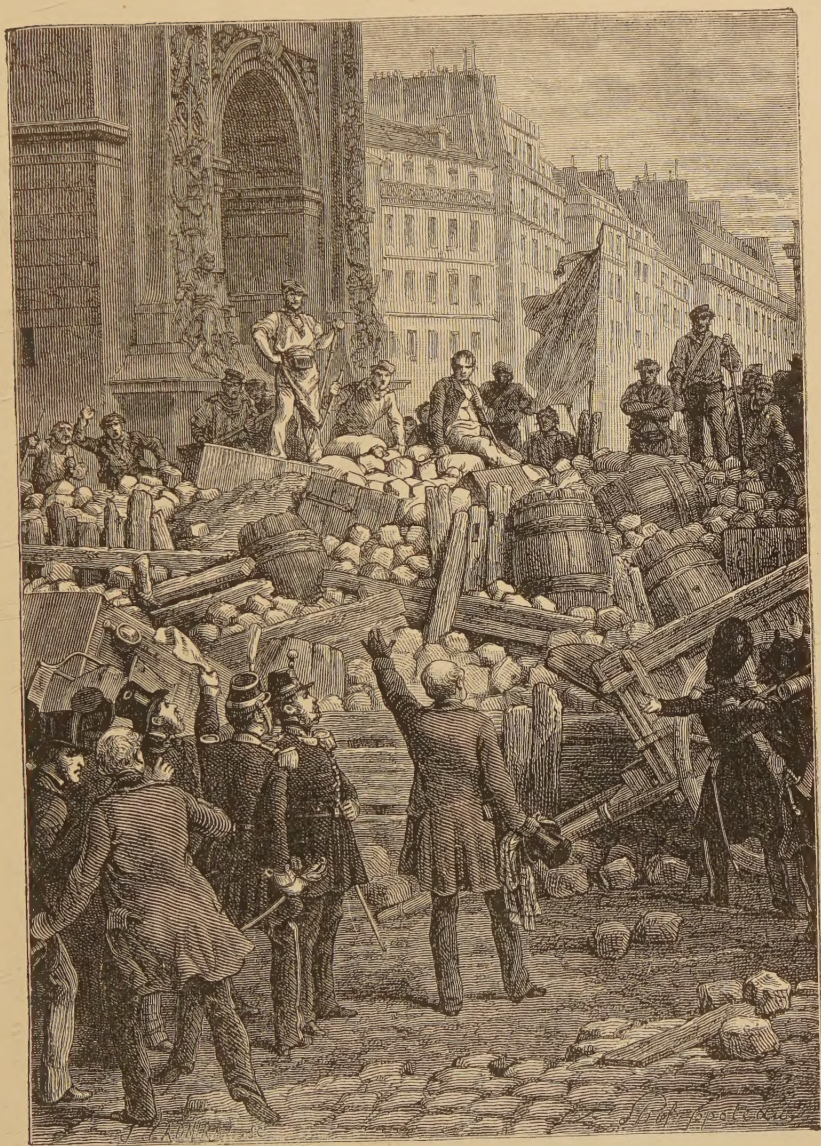
for the throne of Spain was the mere pretext for the declaration of war against Prussia.

Meanwhile a strange drama was being enacted at Rome. On



METZ.

the 8th of December, 1869, in the north transept of St. Peter's was assembled one of the most imposing Councils ever convened on earth. St. Peter's was crowded with more than a thousand Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops, from every part of the



BARRICADE OF ST. DENIS.

world, and by an audience of ninety thousand people. The Pope, dressed in white satin, glittering with diamonds, and borne on men's shoulders, entered the council chamber. The Council consisted of 764 delegates. They continued in session more

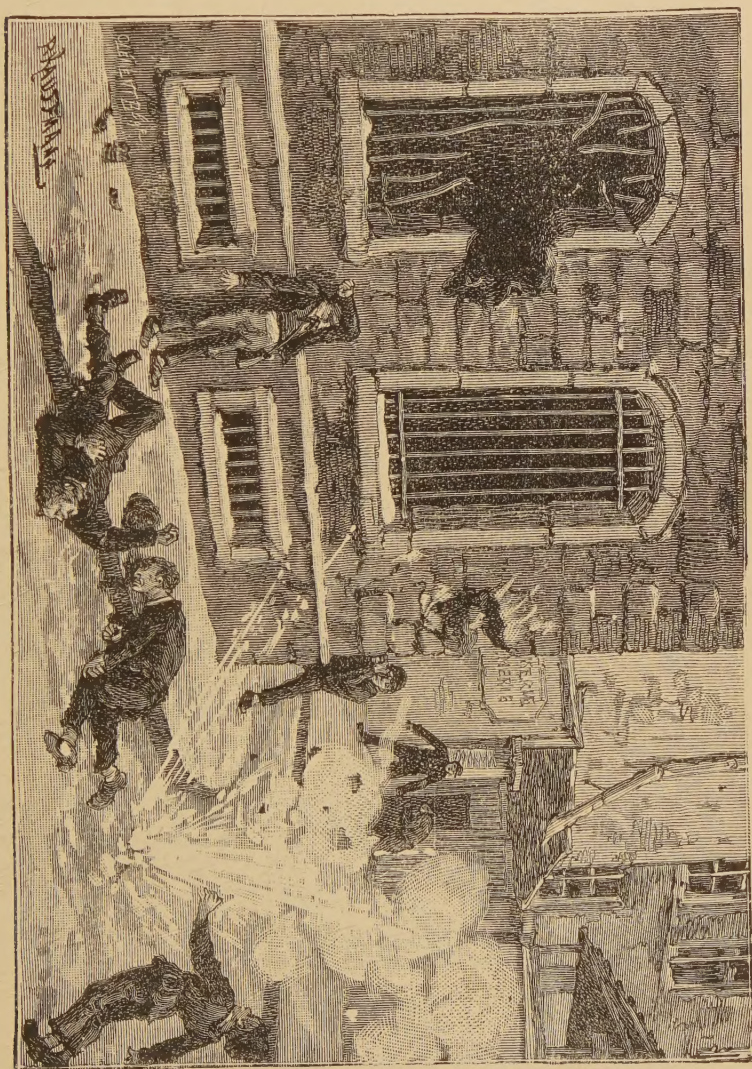
than seven months. The result of these deliberations was the promulgation of the doctrine of the Infallibility of the Pope. A minority of ninety-eight, however, voted nay, and sixty-two gave it only a modified approval. On the 18th of July, 1870, amid a terrific thunderstorm, which so darkened the chamber that lights had to be brought in by which the Pope might read the result of the vote, the decree of Infallibility was proclaimed. The very next day the "Eldest Son of the Church" proclaimed war against the chief Protestant power of Europe. Anticipating an easy victory, in six weeks he found his empire shattered and himself a prisoner in the hands of the Prussians. On September the 2nd Victor Emmanuel's troops entered Rome through a breach in its walls. On October 2nd, the Roman citizens by a *plebiscite* voted 50,000 to 50 for the Government of the King, and against that of the Pope. Thus by the decision of his own people, Pius IX., the first of infallible Popes became the last of sovereign Pontiffs. On the 31st of September Victor Emmanuel entered Rome and proclaimed it the capital of free and united Italy.

We must return to note briefly some of the more salient incidents of the sudden and total collapse of the Napoleonic bubble. On the eve of the outbreak of hostilities, Napoleon asked his War Minister if everything was ready for the march to Berlin. "Everything, sire," was the answer, "to the last button on the last gaiter;" and "with a light heart" the Emperor gave the signal to "let slip the leashes of the dogs of war." The first French army corps crossed the frontier August 2nd, and attacked the town of Saarbruck. The place was held by a small force of Uhlans, who were compelled to withdraw. The Emperor sent a magnificent despatch, recounting the victory and the Prince Imperial's "baptism of fire." It was the first and last of such messages; but the people of Paris went wild over the news.

Beyond the Rhine the very nation seemed converted into an army. In eleven days half a million men were on the march to the frontier, and great army *corps* were mobilized for their support. These were equipped as never an army was before—even to leather tags bearing the soldiers names, that their bodies might be recognized should they be killed. Three tremendous Prussian army *corps* invaded France. The boasted French preparation proved a delusion. Their organization broke down, and notwithstanding their ineffectual valour their

armies were almost everywhere defeated. At Gravelotte, 200,000 Prussians confronted, all day long, 180,000 French, and by the sacrifice of 20,000 men forced the unfortunate Marshal Bazaine to seek refuge behind the strong fortifications of Metz.

SCENE DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF PARIS.



In vain Marshal McMahon attempted the relief of Metz. With an army of 112,000 he took his final stand at Sedan. On the surrounding hills were 200,000 Germans, with their enormous batteries, hot from a dozen victorious battles. With the



DEATH OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

morning light of September 1st, the hills began to smoke and roar. The basin of Sedan became a horrid arena of death. The French army withered under the fiery blast. At length the white flag was raised, and the following message was sent from Napoleon to King William: "Sire, and my good brother, not

being able to die at the head of my troops, I lay my sword at your Majesty's feet." The captive Emperor was taken in charge by Bismarck, and was conveyed to the Castle of Wilhelmshöhe, which was assigned as his residence. The collapse of the Empire was complete. The Empress, but late the idol of the capital, and the members of the Government, took refuge in flight. A Republic was proclaimed, and Jules Favre re-echoed the popular voice when he declared that not a foot of ground, and not a stone of a fortress should be surrendered to Germany.

Meanwhile the Crown Prince pressed on to Paris, and invested it with such a cordon of besieging forces as the world has seldom seen. The month of September was memorable for the surrender of French strongholds to the Germans. Sedan, Toul, Strasburg, fell in rapid succession; and, on the same day as the latter, Metz surrendered with 145,000 soldiers and immense army stores. No such capitulation had been known in modern times. Meanwhile the coils of fate were drawing closer and closer around the doomed city of Paris. The inhabitants were reduced to the direst straits—almost like those of the inhabitants of Jerusalem during the terrible siege by Titus. Gambetta, the great Republican leader, escaped from the city in a balloon, and sought to rouse the nation to expel the invaders. Five hundred thousand men attempted to break the German cordon of Paris, but the anaconda would not relax.

On December 5th, Prince Frederick Charles captured the city of Orleans. Dr. Warren, of Niagara, was on the Red Cross Surgeon Staff, and describes, with painful vividness, the appalling scenes of that dreadful day. The field hospital was under fire, and in the bitter cold icicles of blood hung from the wounded men. The great cathedral was prepared as a hospital, with hundreds of beds for the reception of the wounded. Soon every bed bore its ghastly burden, and the snowy sheets were bedabbled with blood. When the poor wretches were writhing in agony the nuns would play on the great organ, and the spell of the music made them for a time forget their pain.

Bourbaki, with 80,000 troops, was driven over the border of Switzerland, and left to perish amid the mountains in mid-winter, but for the hospitality of the Swiss. The besieged army in Paris made sortie after sortie, but was uniformly driven back to live on horse-flesh or to starve. In a six-day's fight, at Le Mans, 60,000 Frenchmen were placed *hors de combat*. At last, on January 28th, 1871, the white flag was raised and Paris



LA REPUBLIQUE FRANCAISE.

surrendered. The German troops marched through the city. The German conqueror was crowned Emperor in the Palace of Versailles. France was dispoiled of two of her noblest provinces, and forced to pay an indemnity of five billions of francs.

Within seven months seventeen great battles had been fought, and a hundred and fifty minor engagements. Twenty-two fortified places were taken, nearly 400,000 French soldiers were made prisoners of war, and 7,000 cannon and 600,000 small arms were captured.

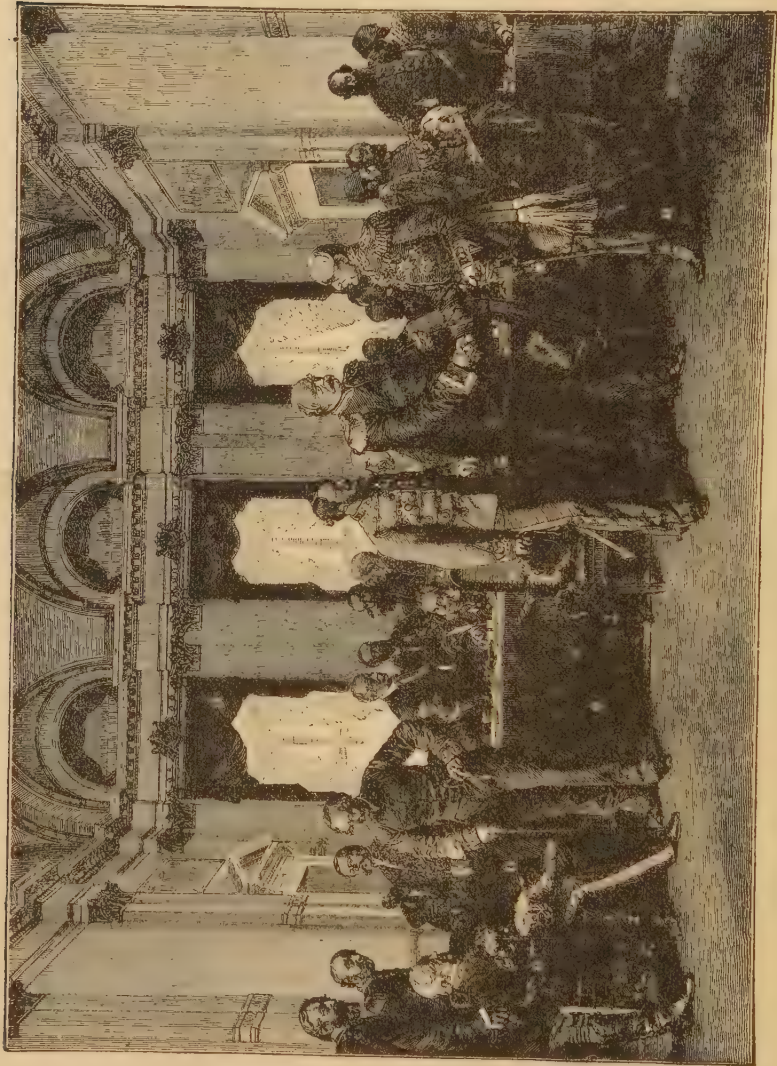
But this was not the worst. A calamity befell the capital more terrible than the siege by the Germans. The cry of *Vive la Commune* was heard. The city *proletariat* rose against the Government. The streets were barricaded, and scenes akin to those of the Reign of Terror were renewed. The Republic was obliged to make war on the Commune, and for two months Paris was subjected to one of most terrible sieges in history. Starvation came, but still hungry men and frenzied women faced death with all the defiance and despair which had marked the old Revolutionists. When they could hold the city no longer, they sought to destroy what they could not defend. Coal oil was poured into the basements. Mad women carried cotton balls, soaked in alcohol, under their clothing, fired them and threw them right and left as they ran. Many public buildings were destroyed, and a portion of the priceless art treasures of the Louvre perished in the common ruin.

As the tragedy drew to a close the Communists fought with the fury of madmen. They seemed determined that all Paris should perish with themselves. They pulled down the Vendôme Column. They fired the Tuileries, the Palais Royal, the Hotel de Ville. They slaughtered the suspected with a ferocity which had not been equalled since the Reign of Terror. From the prison of La Roquette they dragged forth their most distinguished prisoners, among whom was the venerable Monseigneur Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, and shot them down like dogs among the *debris* of the barricades. The Republican Government was compelled to act with ruthless severity to stamp out this frenzied revolt.

Like the fabled Phoenix from its ashes, Paris the beautiful has arisen from its ruins; but it will be long long before it shall have fully recovered from the disasters of the battle year of 1870-71.

Few things appeal more strongly to our sympathies than the spectacle of the beautiful Empress Eugenie, but late the cynosure of Europe, hurled from power and driven into exile, widowed, and bereft of her only son by his tragical death by means of a Zulu assegai. Surely a pathetic illustration of the vanity of earthly greatness.

The map of Europe was largely reconstructed as a result of the Franco-Prussian war. Germany emerged as a first-rate power. The great Chancellor—the man of blood and iron—



CONGRESS OF BERLIN.

became one of the most prominent figures in the great Councils of the nations. This was strikingly illustrated at the Congress of Berlin, which assembled after the Turco-Russian War of 1877. England was represented by Lord Beaconsfield; Austria,

by Count Andrassy ; Russia, by Gortschakoff and Schouvaloff ; and Germany, by Bismarek—most of whom may be recognized in our engraving. It was from this treaty that Beaconsfield returned bringing 'peace with honour.' The results of the Conference were of a sort to give a temporary, if not a permanent, check to the aggressive policy of Russia, and to stay up, for the brief period of the present, the falling fortunes and the ebbing vitality of the Sick Man of the East.

"I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH."

BY S. SOLISH-COHEN.

SHALL the mole, from his night underground, call the beasts from the day-glare to flee ?

Shall the owl charge the birds : " I am wise. Go to ! Seek the shadows with me ? "

Shall a man blind his eyes and exclaim ; " It is vain that men weary to see ? "

Let him walk in the gloom whoso will. Peace be with him ! But whence is his right,

To assert that the world is in darkness, because he has turned from the light ? Or to seek to o'ershadow my day with the pall of his self-chosen night ?

I have listened, like David's great son, to the voice of the beast and the bird ; To the voice of the trees and the grass ; yea, a voice from the stones I have heard ;

And the sun and the moon, and the stars in their courses, re-echo the word !

And one word speak the bird and the beast, and the hyssop that springs in the wall,

And the cedar that lifts its proud head upon Lebanon, stately and tall,
And the rocks, and the sea, and the stars, and " Know ! " is the message of all.

For the answer has ever been nigh unto him who would question and learn
How to bring the stars near to his gaze, in what orbits the planets must turn ;
Why the apple must fall from the bough ; what the fuel the sun-fires burn.

Whence came life ? In the rocks is it writ, and no Finger hath graven it there ?

Whence came light ? Did its motions arise without bidding ? Will science declare

That the law ruling all hath upsprung from No mind, that abideth Nowhere ?

" Yes, I know ! " cried the true man of old. And whosoe'er wills it may know
" My Redeemer existeth ! " I seek for a sign of His presence, and lo !

As He spoke to the light, and it was, so He speaks to my soul, and I know !

—*The Century.*

ROUND ABOUT ENGLAND.

V.



THE CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE, BRISTOL.*

ON the south coast of the beautiful county of Devon is situated the ancient city of Exeter, high upon its hill, surrounded by loftier hills, with the winding Exe at its feet. It was, doubtless, once a Celtic hill fort, afterwards a Roman station, and then a stronghold of the Saxons, walled in by King Athelstan, and on it the proud, stern, resolute Norman afterwards erected that massive Castle of Rougemont, of which we still have some ivy-covered remains. Being near the sea it was, of course, sorely troubled by the piratical old sea-kings; hence Athelstan's strong walls, within which the mother and sons of King Harold found refuge after the disastrous battle of Hastings, and were there most vigorously and obstinately, but vainly, defended by the stout-hearted citizens. In Stephen's

*In our sketch of Bristol, in the July number, we described the beautiful suburb of Clifton, with its striking Suspension Bridge over the Avon. The engraving, specially made for us, as are most of those illustrating these articles, had not then come to hand. We therefore give it above.—ED.

turbulent reign the castle endured hot siege, as it did again in the reign of Henry VI., and twice again in that of Henry VIII. It stood out for the Parliament in the great Civil War, and was taken by the Royalists, and held until April, 1646. Dutch William appeared in arms where Norman William had marched at the head of his army, and was well received by the citizens, who, with grateful readiness, decorated their houses, let flags fly, and shouted joyously, for on the invader's banner was written, "The Protestant religion and the liberties of England."



MAIN STREET, CLOVELLY.

Two Bishops of Exeter are mentioned by John Wesley in his Journals. With one, Bishop Lavington, who attacked him anonymously, he had a prolonged and painful controversy, but his last reference to him is singularly beautiful. Mr. Wesley attended service in the Cathedral, and remained to the communion service. "I was well pleased," he writes, "to partake of the Lord's Supper with my old opponent, Bishop Lavington. O, may we sit down together in the kingdom of our Father!" A few days afterwards Dr. Lavington died.

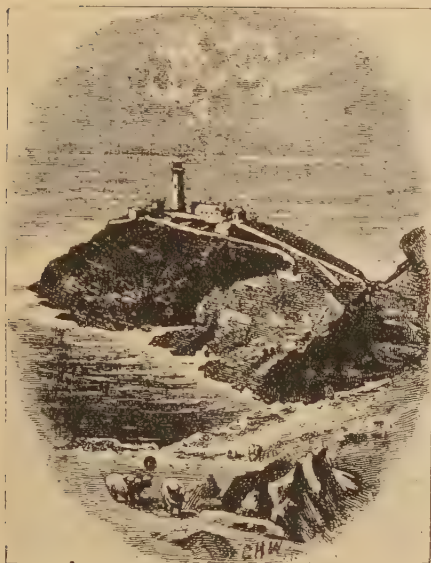
Twenty years later Wesley was again at service in the Cathedral, and again comments upon the beauty of the music. Bishop

Ross invited him to dinner, and Mr. Wesley comments upon the propriety of the furniture, dinner, etc.; and on "the genuine, unaffected courtesy of the bishop, who, I hope, will be a blessing to his whole diocese."



HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

The great evangelist frequently preached in or passed through the city. The first time he preached there was in St. Mary's Church, but that pulpit was soon closed to him, and he subsequently preached in the castle, or in "a convenient room." Several eminent men were born in Exeter or its suburbs, the



SOUTH STACK LIGHT-HOUSE.

found frequent anchorage. There the daring Devon and Cornish sea-dogs hung upon the rear of the Invincible Armada, three hundred years ago, making frequent dashes into the midst of the gigantic and gorgeously decorated vessels, while, with anxious hearts and strained eyes, relatives, friends, and neighbours watched them from the shore, praying for them and for their native land. There, close by, William of Orange came from his storm-tossed fleet, and, landing, issued his proclamation to

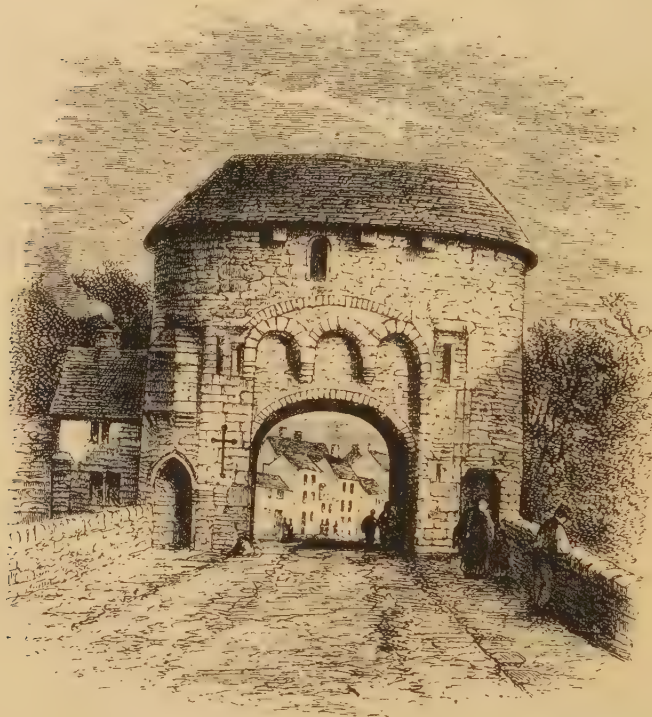
most famous being "the judicious Hooker," author of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*.

A few miles south-east is the charming town of Torquay. Torquay is called the gem of the south-coast watering places. Here the climate is one of almost Italian softness, and the situation is very beautiful. Stirring memories are awakened as we look across the waters of the bay. There mighty fleets, on the doings of which the lives of nations hung tremblingly uncertain,



RUINS OF NORMAN NAVE, HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

the English people, whose invitation had brought him to our shore. A stone at the end of the pier, since built, marks the spot and records the date, November 5, 1688 (Guy Fawkes' Day!), when bonfires and processions and shoutings were abroad, in hot defiance of Papist rebels against the national creed and the Pope's ambition. And there, during the great war with Napoleon, the English fleet was stationed; and hence it came



GATE ON MONMOUTH BRIDGE.

about that a mere village of fishermen's huts grew into something approximating to the large handsome town of Torquay, for the wives, sons, and daughters of the officers crowded to the spot, and made it for a time their permanent residence. And at this bay came grandly sailing the noble sea-castle in which the great Napoleon was at last a captive; and it is told how, as he looked shoreward, a loving, longing look of unusual tenderness appeared on the face of the bold, war-worn, heart-weary Corsican adventurer, and he exclaimed with enthusiasm,

"What a beautiful country! How much it resembles Porto Ferrajo in Elba!"

Eleven miles from Biddeford is one of the most picturesque nooks in all England. The quaint, odd-looking little town of



OLD GATEWAY, COVENTRY.

Clovelly, with quaint little white houses, perched up one above the other in their rocky and wooded nooks, has streets such as no vehicle can pass along, mostly made of steps, up which the pedestrian climbs as if he were ascending a ladder. The strangely-shaped houses are jumbled together with balconies, bay-windows, chimneys and gables, mingled in picturesque confusion. Here Charles Kingsley spent most of his boyhood, and hither flock British artists every season to depict the unique loveliness of

this out-of-the-way Devonshire fishing-town; especially noted for its herring fishery.

A few miles farther south-west is that notable sea-side watering-place in Cornwall, Bude Haven. Many of the leading public men find their way to this picturesque place, and the invigorating atmosphere fits them to prosecute their arduous labours with renewed strength. The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse spends his summer holidays here, and many of his pathetic and telling stories have been written on the lovely downs—matted with grass of velvet—among the caves, or in the cleft of the rocks. Archdeacon Farrar and the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes have made the place more popular by their visits, and the people have flocked for miles to listen to their burning words.

Both the Revs. Archdeacon Farrar and Hughes had nearly the misfortune of losing some of their children in their "sport" on the breakwater a few weeks ago. They were rescued after a thorough drenching with the waves. There is here also a lighthouse station and a well equipped life-boat.

Far to the south-west stretches the bold and rugged coast of Cornwall, with its many coves and bays, scenes of many a daring smuggling exploit, and with its many tin and copper



WARWICK CASTLE.

mines, some of which have been worked for centuries. The drive to Land's End is through wild, barren, rocky scenery, amidst bogs, past St. Buryan's lofty old tower, four hundred and seventy feet upwards from the sea; past the poor, storm-beaten, weather-worn Merry Maidens, and an old stone cross, which is one of the oldest in the country; by Trereen and the Logan Stone, on its lofty promontory near the sea, until at last is reached a fisherman's cottage, which its signboard declares to be "the last inn in England," and which, on our return, becomes "the first inn in England." Thence we reach the wildest of

rocky coast scenes imaginable, a sight of which, as we glance over the wild waves one hundred and twelve feet beneath us, becomes so vividly impressed upon the mind, that it will never be forgotten. Out on a bold and rocky promontory of this rugged coast is South Stack lighthouse, like a giant St. Christopher holding aloft his torch, that storm-tossed seafarers may safely reach the desired haven.

A few miles north of the Severn is the old cathedral city of Hereford. This city, beautifully situated on the banks of the Wye, is one of the oldest in the kingdom. Wars and strife raged around it for long centuries, and it had to bear the brunt of many a conflict with the Britons, both in the Saxon and Norman periods. The Cathedral, which was destroyed during the reign of Edward the Confessor, owes its origin to a foul murder, that of Ethelbert, King of the East Angles, who was invited as a guest by Offa, King of Mercia, and murdered by him. Remorse led to the foundation of the church at Hereford, where was Ethelbert's tomb, and the gifts of pilgrims, added to Offa's, provided means for the erection of the Cathedral. It is built in the form of a double cross, with a small transept towards the east end. There is a massive central tower, very richly carved.

On the winding River Wye, a few miles farther south, is the picturesque old town of Ross. The town stands on a rocky eminence overlooking the Wye, and the views of it to be obtained from the western side of the river are very picturesque. Ross is surrounded by hills, more or less lofty, and the church, which is a prominent object from the railway station, is placed on an elevated ridge. Even were it not for its lovely position and surroundings, Ross would have been immortalized by Pope's poem, "The Man of Ross." The market house is a quaint old building, in the centre of the town, the upper portion of which is used as a town-hall.

A short distance farther south is the ancient town of Monmouth. Almost encircled by its two rivers, the town stands on rising ground in the midst of a most luxurious valley, surrounded by hills varying in height and aspect. The main street extends from the market-place—called Agincourt Square—to the Monnow, over which passes an ancient stone bridge, guarded by an arched gateway called the Welsh Gate, under which Shakespeare's bold Harry of Monmouth must often have ridden. Here it will be remembered he was born. This is a very good

example of the ancient gate-houses very common on bridges. It was probably constructed less as a military work than as a toll-house. There are side doors for foot passengers as well as a central one for waggons.

The midland county of Warwick has very many places of historic interest. Besides the great manufacturing town of



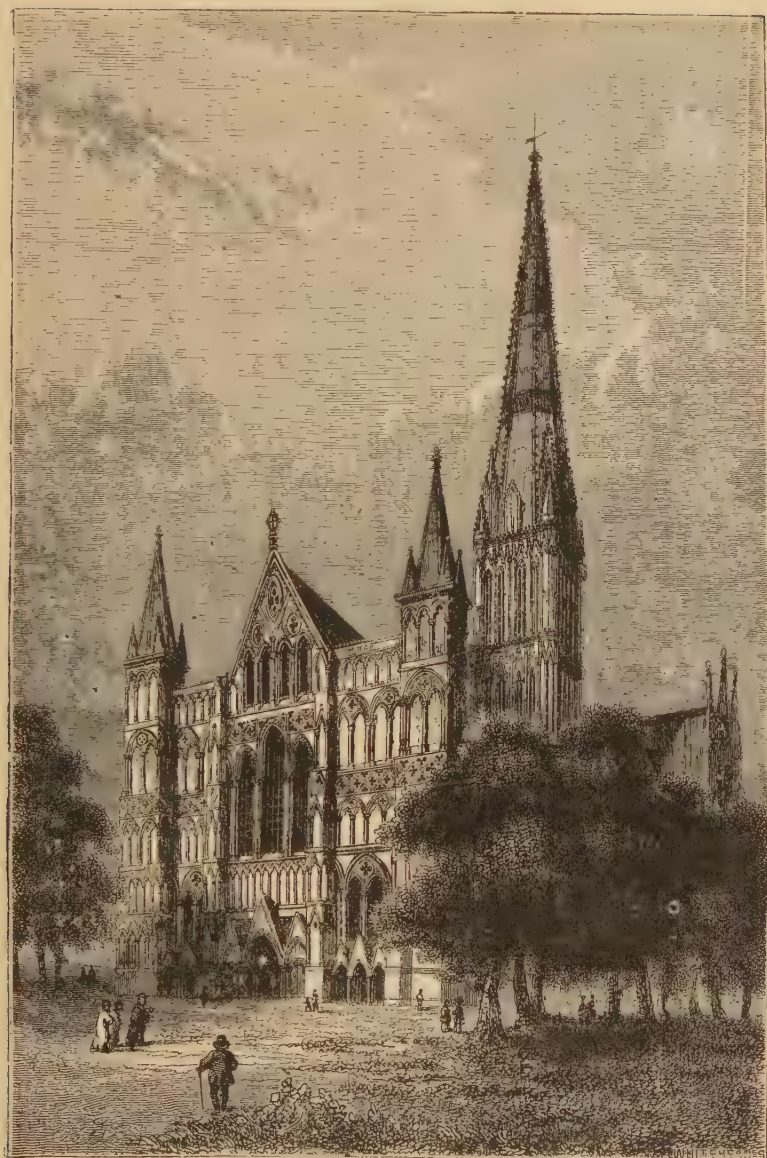
THE PEACOCK INN.

Birmingham, there are those shrines for the world's pilgrimage: Stratford-on-Avon, the ancient castle of the stout Earl of Warwick, the King Maker; the noble ruins of Kenilworth, and the quaint old town of Coventry. The chief interest is given to this place

by the ancient legend embodied in Tennyson's exquisite poem of "Lady Godiva." There are many examples of fine old architecture, one of which, the ancient arched gateway, we give.

Warwick is said to be the oldest town in the kingdom—built by the British king Cymbeline, destroyed by the Picts, and rebuilt by Caractacus—the Caerleon of ancient times. The first Earl of Warwick was a knight of King Arthur's Round Table. The famous hero, Guy of Warwick, was a giant nine feet high, who performed prodigies of valour before he became a hermit and retired to the caves of Guy's Cliff, where he died. His tremendous sword and armour, in confirmation of the story, are shown at the castle. Warwick, the King-maker, maintained 30,000 vassals on his estates, and was the last of the turbulent barons who set up and put down sovereigns as they pleased. The famous old castle is declared by Sir Walter Scott to be the finest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendour which remains uninjured by age. Its massive walls rise like a cliff in air, and dominate the whole town—a monument of the stern feudal tyranny of "ye olden time."

The parish church is said to be the finest in England. The sepulchral monuments of the Earl of Beauchamp, and the Earl



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

of Leicester, the unhappy favourite of Queen Elizabeth, read their impressive lesson of the vanity of earthly glory.

Just over the border of Leicestershire is the little hamlet of Lutterworth, with its imperishable memories of John Wycliffe

the Morning Star of the Reformation. The pulpit is said to embody a portion of that from which the great Reformer was wont to expound the principles which long afterwards wrought a moral revolution.

One of the pleasures of travelling in England is the entertainment one receives at the old-fashioned inns, in both town and country. We give an illustration of one of these. Its many gables, its ivy-clad walls and mullioned windows make it look more like an ancient manor-house than an inn. But the carved effigy over the door and the sign-board assure us of that warmest welcome which Johnson affirms every man finds at an inn.

On our way back to London, in the heart of Wiltshire, is the fine old city of Salisbury. Its chief glory is the celebrated cathedral. It is beautiful for situation, rising from an expanse of verdure with such airy grace and buoyant beauty that it appears as if it were about to float away. And yet this structure is nearly 475 long with a spire 400 feet high, the highest in the kingdom. Many great cathedrals are impressive by mere magnitude and mass. But this noble specimen of early English is a poem in stone, with lines and harmonies that make a perpetual anthem. The great cathedrals are the only works of man which appears to me akin to the sublimities of nature, like the everlasting hills in their heights and depths of light and shadow.

Salisbury Cathedral is built in the form of a double or archiepiscopal cross, and is the first instance of pure unmixed Gothic in England. It was begun in 1020, and finished in 1258, and the whole building is an example of "multitudinous unity." An old rhyme thus gives some idea of its dimensions:—

"As many days as in the year there be,
So many windows in this church we see;
As many marble pillars here appear
As there are hours throughout the fleeting year;
As many gates as moons one year does view,
Strange tale to tell! Yet not more strange than true."

The chapter-house is the most beautiful in the world. It is octagonal in shape, and supported in the centre by one small pillar, whence spring the groins of the arched ceiling. For the simplicity and grandeur of its style, Salisbury Cathedral may be characterized as the Parthenon of Gothic architecture. The town has many quaint old houses, and in the large market square

is a Gothic "poultry cross," with flying buttresses of a singularly graceful character, as shown in our engraving.

A little to the north is the famous Salisbury Plain, with its strange pre-historic remains—barrows, sepulchral mounds, and the unique megalithic monuments of Stonehenge—the still unsolved problem of the antiquarian and historian.



SALISBURY MARKET.

"Thou noblest monument on Albion's isle!
 Whether by Merlin's aid from Scythian shore
 To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
 Huge frame of giant hands, the mighty pile,
 To entomb his Briton's slain by Hengist's guile;
 Or Druid priests sprinkled with human gore,
 Taught 'mid thy massy maze their mystic lore;
 Or Danish chiefs, enriched by savage spoil,
 To victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,
 Reared the huge heap; or, in thy hallowed round,
 Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line;
 Or here those kings in solemn state were crowned;
 Studious to trace thy wondrous origin,
 We muse on many an ancient tale renowned."

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

IV.

THE BOULAK MUSEUM.

THE centre of attraction in Cairo, to the scholar and the antiquarian, to the student of profane history, and the devout reader of his Bible, is the far-famed and unique Museum at Boulak. Boulak is called the port of Cairo—that is, it is a sort of village suburb, built close by the Nile—and here is the great National Museum, founded by the energy and genius of Mariette Bey, the illustrious French *savant* who, for many years, devoted his learning and his life to the accumulation for the Egyptian Government of the priceless treasures of the national antiquities. After a magnificent success, he lies fitly buried in a massive sarcophagus in the courtyard of the Museum raised and filled by his life-work. This noble institution is thrown open daily free, and few European pilgrims leave Cairo without visiting it. Room after room, filled with superb and unique collections, arranged with admirable order and taste, open one from another; and once within the portal, you are literally in a new world of life, and industry, and art albeit that world is the oldest of the old.

Here is a small statue, perhaps three feet high, and carven from some dark, hard wood. The face is evidently a portrait, it is full of life of character, even of humour, an expression of good-natured content rests upon the smiling mouth, and the eyes look out at you with an intelligence that seems to come from a living brain within. It is carven with the most exquisite art—utterly unconventional, perfectly natural. The face might be English, or, perhaps better, German—a portrait of some quiet, self-contained and sensible German farmer—and it might have been carven, say ten years ago, the wood is so dark. Stop my friend. You are looking at perhaps the oldest monument in the world. Long, long before Phidias chiselled the exquisite reliefs on the frieze of the Parthenon; long, long before the pre-historic sculptors carved the magnificent statues of the Ramesaid kings on the tombs and temples of Thebes—in the world's childhood; long, long before the days when

Abraham offered Isaac upon Moriah, or entertained his angel-guest at Mamre ; in the mysterious era of the early dynasties, when art meant truth and not conventionalism, some pristine Egyptian genius wrought this extraordinary work. Sheikh-el-Beled, the chief of the village, the Arabs called it, as they exhumed it from the tomb, where for thousands of years it had been hidden. Would you like to see the sort of people who inhabited Egypt then ? There is a double statue in the Museum—that is a statue representing a king and queen seated together.



BOULAK MUSEUM—PRINCE RAHOTEP AND HIS WIFE NEFAT.

(The oldest statues in the world.)

It is of about the same antiquity as the wooden statue I have been speaking of, but it is of stone, and shows an equal amount of truthfulness and skill. Here, then, are the portraits of a king and queen of one of the earliest of the far away Egyptian dynasties. Notice how simple are dress and throne, how full of force and individuality the features, how vigorous and stalwart the frames, how evidently true in every detail to the facts. The warm, dusky red of the flesh-colouring, and the brightness of the eyes, formed cunningly out of crystal, enhance the vigour and life-likeness of this wonderful work, and one feels that he

is looking at a vivid and accurate presentment of the persons portrayed. This then was the type of the early Egyptian kings—the builders of the Pyramids, the carvers of the Sphinx—who ruled that land of marvels, many, many long centuries ago.

But the great attraction in the Boulak Museum is the mummies of the Pharaohs. Thothmes I., the great obelisk builder; Pinotem; Seti I., the father or grandfather of Pharaoh's daughter; Rameses II., the great temple builder and warrior, the Sesostris of classic history, the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites; these and many others of less note have come forth from their tombs after a burial of three thousand years, and their forms and faces can be seen to-day in the National Museum at Boulak. Strange irony of fate, indeed, that subjects the sacred and haughty features of monarchs who shook the world, and one of whom matched himself against Jehovah, to the close and curious gaze of nineteenth-century travellers. Seven years ago their existence was only known to one Arab family; two years ago they still lay swathed in the cerements that had wrapped them round at death; to-day, with features hardly altered, preserved by the cunning art of the embalmer from the jealous and indiscriminating ravages of decay, they come forth to read us an affecting lesson on vicissitude and mutation, and to unfold, as never before was unfolded, the history of the life and cultus of ancient Egypt.

The story of their discovery reads like a romance, and it may not be uninteresting if I briefly summarize it here. Early in 1881 Prof. Maspero, the successor of Mariette in the directorship of the Museum, who had for a long time suspected, from articles sold to tourists visiting Thebes, that some of the Arabs had found a royal sepulchre, was led to the conviction that one of them, employed as a guide by tourists visiting the tombs and temples, and by name Ahmed Abder Rasoul, knew more than he would tell of this secret and invaluable discovery. He accordingly had him arrested and imprisoned. Persuasion, including the bastinado and bribe, was tried for a time in vain, when at length his brother Mohammed, judging the amount of backsheesh offered by the Professor in hand worth more than the possibility of more liberal, yet more dangerous largess unlawfully obtained, revealed the secret and led the authorities to the spot.

It was on the 5th of July, 1881, that Emil Brugsch Bey, the

assistant-curator of the Museum, stood over the stone-filled shaft that led to the tombs of the Pharaohs. It lay in a dreary stony valley among the hills of Thebes. Forty feet through the solid lime-stone and six feet square, the shaft went down perpendicularly, filled with loose stones, and carefully buried up. From the bottom a horizontal gallery ran twenty-four feet to the west, and then turning abruptly north into the very heart of the mountain, ending in a chamber some thirteen feet by twenty-three, and six feet high. In this secret chamber lay Rameses the Great, and thirty-six other mummies—kings, queens, princes and priests.

What a moment for the explorer, when in the dim torchlight he groped his way through the long passages, and the extent and importance of the discovery flashed upon him. What a thrill of awe, as well as of triumph, as he stood there in the presence of the long-hidden secret of the tombs of the Pharaohs!

With all speed hundreds of labourers were hired, the huge mummy-cases carefully raised once more to the light of day, wrapped, roped and sealed in safe packages, transported across the plain of Thebes to the banks of the Nile, shipped on the steamers summoned for the reception of this unique and illustrious freight, and brought safely down the sacred river to their resting place at Boulak. The news spread rapidly of the finding and deportation of the mummies, and as the Government steamers conveyed them down the Nile, along the shore were weird and eager groups of natives, for many a mile, shrieking, wailing, and firing funeral shots in honour of the long-buried and mighty dead.

Thothmes III., the greatest, save Rameses III., of the warrior-kings, was carefully unrolled from his multitudinous wrappings, and his features once more opened to the light of day. They were in fine preservation; but, alas! there was barely time to photograph them ere they crumbled into dust. Chagrined and dismayed at this unlooked-for calamity, the *savants* of the museum long hesitated as to disturbing the cerements which enfolded the august form of the great Sesostris; but at length, in 1886, in the presence of the Khedive, and the great officers of state, the mummy was unrolled, and Rameses the Great, gigantic in height, and stern and majestic still in features, lay before the petty princeling who now rules, in name alone, the land which he ruled in unquestioned sovereignty so many centuries ago.

One by one, the more important of the other mummies were



RAMESES II.—THE PHARAOH OF THE OPPRESSION.

(Photographed from the Mummy in Boulak Museum).

unrolled, and to-day, ranged side by side, in their glass-covered caskets in the Boulak Museum, they are gazed upon by the host of travellers who tread the streets of the city of the Khaliphs, in the swarming and scattering of men which is so significant a feature of our modern life.

The finest face of them all, the finest mummy-face ever discovered, is that of Seti I., the father of the great Rameses. It

is in splendid preservation, and of a type of considerable mental power, and great strength of will. Rameses II. is of stronger and coarser mould than his father, with a frame six feet in height and of great breadth of chest and size of bone. His forehead, *en profile*, seems strangely retreating, but in full face one sees how this is compensated by height. The nose is strongly aquiline, though at the end flattened by the wrapping, and the jaws massive in an extraordinary degree. It is a hard, cruel, selfish face, the face of a man full of self-will and power; whose uncontrolled will, and untrammelled despotism had for nearly a century swayed the destiny of millions. Strength—selfish strength, determined, dogged, despotic—that is the characteristic stamped upon that rugged and ruthless face. Small wonder that the disciplined hordes of his warriors swept in savage triumph over so wide an area; small wonder that his name comes out in history, sacred and profane, as conqueror and tyrant, fearless, in the pristine ages in which he flourished.

It has been my fortune to gaze upon many an object calculated to stir the pulses and recall the past, but never, I think, did I have so vivid a realization of the march and mutation of time; never was I so affected by any of the relics of far-away human skill and labour, as when I bent over within a few inches of those set, swarth faces, of Seti and Rameses, and thought of all that God had made to pass in their day, and all that God had made to pass between that time and ours.

There are many wonderful things in the Boulak Museum—months, rather than hours, might well and worthily be spent there; but of them all there is nothing that moves the interest stirred by that quiet room in which are ranged the bodies of the great Pharaohs. They were what I was most eager to see, they were among the last things I looked at before I left. They live to-day in my memory in clear and vivid light—impressed, as nothing else impressed itself, of all I have ever seen.

THE word unto the prophet spoken,
 Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
 The word by seers or sibyls told,
 In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
 Still floats upon the morning wind,
 Still whispers to the willing mind.
 One accent of the Holy Ghost
 The heedless world hath never lost.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE.

BY PROF. A. P. COLEMAN, PH.D.,

Victoria University.

A GEOLOGIST, like the demoniac of old, is driven by the demon that possesses him into the waste and solitary places of the earth; and when to the demon of the hammer is joined that of the sketch-book his possession is hopeless and complete. Nothing short of the limits of time and space, and the yet more inexorable limit of a slender purse, prevent him from wandering to all the out-of-the-way and unheard-of places of the earth, to come back laden with stones, well-filled note-books, and stacks of Whatman's paper, variously smeared with colour and pencil; for all of which treasures your man of worldly wisdom has a quiet smile of pity, as for a harmless mania. In less philosophic regions the geologist is looked on with undisguised curiosity; and he is asked by the rustic with a half sneer: "How much gold he has found in that stone-heap?" or, he is met with suspicion, as one who seeks hidden treasure, the lawful property of the owners of the land; and the dogs are set upon him.

As may be supposed, an active geologist often finds himself standing with awe before the majesty of nature, when with his puny instruments he strives to unravel the secrets of the mountains. The wilder, rockier parts of the earth where the world-building forces are at work on the grandest scale naturally attract him most, and the scenes that meet his eye are precipices, torrents and glaciers, or the gloomy majesty of pine-forests; scenes full of a savage beauty and sublimity; but devoid of that careless loveliness that forms the picturesque. On the other hand the geologist finds his way into remote nooks and corners of the world, romantic in scenery, peopled with all sorts of interesting inhabitants and full of picturesque bits of life and landscapes.

Having been driven, by the twin-demons, into some little-visited mountains and valleys of the Old and New Worlds, possibly some of my memories may not prove uninteresting to people who are neither geologists nor sketchers, and I therefore make bold to recount a few of them in the hospitable pages of the METHODIST MAGAZINE.

One of my earlier rock-hunting expeditions led me into the mountain-range between Silesia and Bohemia, where two picturesque types of peasant life, and the sentry-boxes and fortresses of two great nations confront one another. The mountains are not high nor very rugged, but they give glorious views of wide plains and charming valleys, where cities, roofed with red tiles, and villages, thatched with mossy straw, lie spread out before one. The villages have generally but one crooked street, which may, however, be ten English or two German miles long, bordered on each side by steep-roofed clay cottages, with their framework of beams showing outside as a sort of skeleton. Each house is embowered in pear and plum-trees, and looks cosy and comfortable, though the manure-heap and dirty pool before the door shock the approaching visitor. Enter the cottage, and your delight in the picturesque features turns to pity. Its floor is of hard clay; the cows share half of it with the human inhabitants; and at meal time the potatoes are eaten with salt and rarely flavoured with a taste of meat. If you converse with the hard-looking, muscular housewife you will find that she works in the fields in summer, for eighteen or twenty cents a day, and that her husband earns, in busy seasons, a quarter of a dollar a day; and with this income they must nourish themselves and their children. Out on the street you meet an old woman and a great shaggy dog as a team to haul a waggon; and in the field near by a milch cow is harnessed with the horse to do the ploughing. A crucifix, or a shrine of the Virgin, shows from afar on every high hill and public place, and the children greet you with "Praise be to Jesus Christ!" for all this region is Roman Catholic.

In my wanderings with knapsack and hammer I often crossed the border, and, certainly, the Bohemian villages looked neater, and the inhabitants more genial than the neighbouring ones in Prussia.

After a long day's tramp I used to stop at the village inn, get a supper of sour rye-bread and sausage, or better, of eggs—for one is sure of the origin of the latter; and then sit down to write my notes by the coarse wooden table in the public room. The frequenters of the house would gather round and plant their foamy glasses of brown beer on the smeared table, while their eyes and fingers were busy with a noisy game of cards for stakes of a cent or two. Some humourist would watch me and perhaps suggest that I am paid by the piece and

not by the hour, or I would not drive my pen so fast. One night I was refused a lodging, perhaps because of my dusty, travel-stained clothes, or my foreign accent. They told me there was another tavern at the other end of the village to which I might go. A walk, in the dark, of about two miles, brought me to the house, which was brilliantly lighted in the upper story, but dark below. A ball was going on and every one was busy. At last an old crone was drummed up, and bringing a smoky candle prepared some supper, and then hurried off to watch the merry-making up-stairs. A shiftless-looking fellow kept me company, professing a sudden and remarkable friendship and sympathy for me, and ending by asking a loan. I was weak enough to give him half a mark (12 cents), when he, too, disappeared upstairs. Finally, I went up stairs myself, finding no one below to assign me a room, and sought the landlady. She was a coarse, stout woman, entrenched in a sort of bar, from which she dispensed small glasses of schnapps and large ones of beer to flushed young men who came up for refreshment. Meantime a tireless quartette of musicians, perched on a sort of shelf half-way up to the ceiling, dispensed the loudest of music, and couples dressed in the gay provincial costume thumped the floor in time to it. At last, managing to catch the hostess a moment idle, I humbly and apologetically asked for a bed, which she, at length, graciously permitted the old serving woman to show me. Imagine my dismay when I found that my room was only half-partitioned from the rest, and that the bed commanded an extensive view of the hostess in her citadel and of the whirling couples beyond. However, I was tired out, and so, pulling the big German feather bed well over me, to shut out sights and sounds, I presently fell into a troubled sleep.

A morning or two after this night of festivity I was up early and visited a quarry, hammering away to get suitable specimens. Out of the mist came presently a crooked wizened old man, who asked sourly: Where I came from and what I wanted in his quarry? Hearing that I came from America to examine the rocks in Germany and elsewhere, he jumped to the conclusion that I represented fabulously wealthy American capitalists—for it is well known that all Americans are wealthy and anxious to spend their money. His countenance brightened and he became excessively genial, praising his ore and insisting that I should come in and take a glass of schnapps, and giving

me special directions as to his full name and address. Alas for his too easily aroused hopes.

The villages of Central Europe are diffuse, the houses strung like beads on a thread of road, so that each farmer may live on his own land; and one is reminded of similar villages in the Province of Quebec. The cities, on the other hand, are the superlative of compactness. The German notion of a city (*Stadt*) does not imply a certain number of inhabitants, so that some of their cities are ridiculously minute, though never reduced to the "two houses and a blacksmith's shop" of some parts of our enterprising West. Villages may often have three or four times the population of a neighbouring city, and yet the line between them is well marked; for the latter has an organization which is altogether wanting in the village. It has a central heart in the market-place, often delightfully quaint, with rough cobblestone pavement about the old *Rathaus*, or town-hall, and a series of cool arcades on the four sides, formed by the projecting upper story of the houses supported by massive stone pillars or arches. Some of these tiny cities are still walled, and have their watch-towers round about; and many of them nestle at the foot of some steep crag or hill surmounted by a ruined castle, once the security of the burghers in troublous times. The city of Lahn, in Silesia, is a good example. It is a charmingly restful, slumbrous place, that wakes to anything like activity only once in the year, when its central square is the scene of a famous dove-market. In a little hotel in Lahn I met a doctor of philosophy who had been a fellow-student of our lamented friend, Dr. R. B. Hare, the late professor of chemistry in Guelph. When the gentleman found that I was a Canadian and knew Dr. Hare well, his face fairly beamed with pleasure, and then and there we held a little celebration in honour of the common friend.

It is not far from Bohemia to Vienna, where I found the "beautiful blue Danube," about which so much romance clusters, a tame and muddy stream walled in by dykes to ward off inundations. I was as much disappointed in it as in the Rhine, both rivers suffering by comparison with our noble St. Lawrence.

From Vienna it is only a step to the Adriatic and the way leads over the Semmering pass, through a picturesque corner of the Alps. This, my first crossing of the Alps, proved singularly impressive. As we wound our way into the mountains the

weather grew colder and more blustering till, near the summit, a perfect tempest of snow overwhelmed the landscape as we whirled over gorges and along the edge of the precipices. Both valleys and mountain tops were lost in snow. All at once we entered the long tunnel by which the highest point is passed, at first on a slow and toilsome up-grade, then changing to a smoothly-running down-grade right in the heart of the mountain, and bursting suddenly into the glow and sunshine of the Mediterranean climate; a few minutes of darkness taking us from the chills of the northern Hades into the warmth of the southern Elysium. From this point we slipped from one lovely valley to another, following the dancing blue-green waters of an ever-growing river, till we came out into plains rosy with almond blossoms and full of the freshness of early summer.

Beautiful as is Bohemia, it is still more delightful away to the south at Trieste, Austria's one seaport. Lying white along the blue Adriatic against the steeply-sloping green hills that might almost be called mountains, Trieste is one of the most picturesque places I have seen. Great dove-coloured oxen draw the carts on the quay where one lands, and half-clad lazy lazzaroni loiter in the hot sun. Taking a walk, one soon leaves the broad streets of the European part of the city and climbs among steep and crooked lanes and by-paths, all enclosed with rough stone walls, over which hang ripening oranges and grapes or the sprawling branches of the fig. The very walls add to the beauty, for every turn brings a well-framed picture of donkeys with panniers or graceful figures against the blue Mediterranean, and the dim Alps far to the north. Or one can walk along the magnificent sea-road toward Miramar castle. An artist is constantly tempted to sit down and sketch. While so occupied one day, a grim-looking Hungarian officer strode by me, frowned, and turning back took me in custody, explaining in bad German that it was forbidden to sketch the fortifications, and that I must deliver up my slight outlines, lest they should be of service to some enemy. On explaining that I was an innocent Canadian and would be cautious to give no information to foreign nations, he graciously let me go, and even permitted me to carry off the obnoxious sketch.

From Trieste one can see a faint line to the west of a different blue from the sea, and this is Italy, the land above all lands, unless Old England, that should be visited by the traveller. A

geologist is irresistibly attracted to it by the active volcanoes that may be studied on its western coast and islands. Botanists meet a new, half-tropical vegetation; sketchers find inexhaustible material of the most delightful kind; and everyone interested in the story of humanity must feel his pulses stirred as he stands beside the crumbling monuments of imperial Rome.

Naturally I went to Italy, where student-like, I travelled third-class—a way by all means to be preferred to first or second-class—and sometimes on foot. The cars are rough, with plain benches, often without backs; but then one goes only short distances as compared with our Canadian journeys, and one has the satisfaction of seeing the people. I was once overwhelmed and crowded into a corner by an irruption of girls, pickers of mulberry leaves, I being the only man in the car. They made themselves at home, took out loaves of bread and bottles of water for their breakfast, passed a rank-smelling cheroot from mouth to mouth without offering me a whiff, and, I am convinced from their smiles and glances in the direction of my corner, made sly allusions to my appearance in the richest of Tuscan, a dialect utterly unknown to me. I was much relieved when a lively little Italian soldier got on board a station or two farther on, and took up the girls' attention, so that I was left to utter neglect.

On another occasion there was an improvisator in the car, who, after the train was in motion, stood up in the midst and began to manufacture a rhyme in honour of each of us. His rhymes must have been humorous to judge by the smiles and broad grins of those addressed and the laughter of the auditors; I smiled knowingly when my turn came, though I did not understand a word of it. He reaped a harvest of coppers when the performance was over—a much more satisfactory reward than empty fame.

My tramping was done chiefly around those two wonderful cities, Naples and Rome—Naples lovely for natural beauty of position; Rome, in its ruins, the most wonderful city in the world.

I ascended Vesuvius twice, once in the orthodox way, paying a guide an extortionate fee for promising me much and showing me nothing; the second time alone and along by-ways. Two or three days after my first ascent I found myself one evening near Sorrento, and what was my surprise as well as disgust, to find that a red stream of lava was flowing from the

crater, although my guide had expressly told me in bad French that no lava was escaping. My mind was soon made up. Next morning, after a hasty breakfast, I took the earliest train, and before the sun was hot, had wound my way through delightful crooked lanes to the last patches of black sand where vines could grow, and the desolate cone of Vesuvius was before me. I was on the opposite side from the one usually taken by tourists, and hoped to escape the swarm of guides that infest the regular route like a cloud of mosquitoes. I was fairly at the base of the steep ascent, and was congratulating myself on my escape, when I saw three suspicious-looking men just ahead. I marched past without looking at them; but they sprang like wolves upon me, entreating, demanding that I should take them as guides, and threatening all sorts of catastrophes if I persisted in going alone. Meantime I marched steadily upwards, and at length two grew tired and went back, grumbling at my obstinacy. The third kept just alongside, and fairly stormed me with importunities in scraps of all the languages he knew; but I made him no answer. Half-way up I felt tired and hot, and would have been glad to rest, but was resolved to tire him out. At last his patience gave way, and mopping his forehead, he stood still and gave vent to his rage in a volley of curses.

Once more upwards, till I stood on the edge of the outer crater, watching the steady bombardment of stones from the inner one. And who should confront me here but another guide! After some searching I could not find the flowing lava, and had to surrender to the enemy after all. He proved a much better fellow than my first guide, and quickly led me to the hot margin of the stream of molten rock. A rivulet of thick yellow honey, it seemed to be, hampered in its flow by black crusts of slag, which it overturned and burst through every moment with the sound of clanking metal. After I had watched this some time in silence, we turned to the inner crater, the funes and bombs from which were drifted from us by the wind. Standing on its hot, sulphurous edge we could look down upon the steamy gulf, which every moment or two exploded, sending red-hot fragments far into the air. At each explosion the ground under our feet was shaken by an earthquake, and altogether the position was more interesting than safe or agreeable. All at once the wind shifted, and the sulphurous vapours and rock fragments were directed our way. We made a rush for safer ground, being half choked by the fumes and in dread of the bombs falling around us. My guide

shouted, "Quick, a copper!" I gave him a sou, which he pressed firmly into a just fallen lump, that was still half molten, and enclosed the coin. The piece of hot lava was carried off on a cold fragment, and when out of reach of danger my guide handed it to me as a souvenir, at the same time asking a franc for his trouble. I paid him and we parted; he to lie in wait for other unsuspecting tourists, and I to find my way down to the beaten road as best I might. With the exception of being bitten by a dog in crossing a vineyard, and being pestered by two precocious Italian beggars, who ran before or behind and beside me along the dusty road till I presented my umbrella and threatened their lives in gruff English, I met no further adventures on my way to Naples.

Nothing could be more picturesque than the scenery on a tramp across the Campagna, near Rome. Bare, weedy plains and rolling hills, with a purple haze softening the outlines of grim ruins at the horizon, lay on one side, and the Alban hills, with their volcanic outlines on the other. I trudged across the wild country, paying little attention to roads, and finding here some blue lake at the bottom of an extinct crater; or there some quaint city, perched like a hawk's nest at the top of a sharp, isolated hill—a finished city, since it had used up absolutely all the space available; or at another point, a bit of gray ruin, overgrown with weeds and bushes, telling of forgotten grandeur. Growing hungry at noon, I asked some teamsters, taking their siesta beside their large, gray oxen, where I could get dinner. They pointed to a lonely farm-house half a mile off. Coming to the massive stone building, I was met by several dogs and a most brigand-like man, in knee-breeches and slouched hat, adorned with a feather. His swarthy, black-bearded face and glittering eye seeming rather forbidding; however, he welcomed me and took me up an outside stair, the lower story being occupied by horses and cattle. I was ushered into a kitchen, filled with a delicious odour of dinner and we sat down at table, the brigand-like man and myself, while a motherly woman took a pot from the large open fire-place and served us bountifully to a savoury stew, which, with bread and wine, formed the dinner. Although my host ate with his brigand-like knife, I was treated with much hospitality and politeness, notwithstanding my travel-stained clothes and stumbling attempts at speaking Italian.

One evening of that trip remains vividly impressed. I had engaged a room in the little mountain city of Albano and

walked out to enjoy the evening coolness. The girls were at the city well drawing water in brass jars, which they carried on the head in the most queenly of ways. Passing along a narrow, stone-paved street I reached a city gate, over which a lamp burned before a little shrine to the Virgin, and then went out along a winding road shaded with huge chestnut-trees. The sun had just set and the nightingales were singing in the trees overhead. To one side lay the Campagna, and away beyond was Rome, its far-off buildings still reflecting a ruddy light. The haze over the wide plain was of a blood-colour, and musing there on the parapet of the road, looking toward Rome, the city of blood, I could see in the purple shadows, armies marching and the clash of battle and the heart's blood of many nations staining the coarse herbage. Then came night; the red light waned, and there followed it the cold gray of evening, with the distinct dome of St. Peter's black against the sky—Rome's bloody star had set in darkness. And here, with the nightingale's songs in our ears, and distant Rome fading in the gloaming, let us leave these vagrant memories of long-past holidays, gaily spent in search of the picturesque.

TRUE HEROES.

MANY, if God should make them kings,
Might not disgrace the throne He gave ;
How few who could as well fulfil
The holier office of a slave !

It may be hard to gain, and still
To keep a lowly, steadfast heart ;
Yet he who loses has to fill
A nobler and a truer part.

Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success ;
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose lustre is not less.

Great may he be who can command,
And rule with just and tender sway ;
Yet is diviner wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are those who die for God,
And earn the martyr's crown of light ;
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in His sight.

A WORD FOR CLASSICAL STUDIES.

BY THE REV. W. I SHAW, LL.D.,
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ONLY a slight recognition given with patronizing condescension to the study of Greek and Latin classics can be expected in this utilitarian age from the average student of theology, philosophy, or physical science engaged so busily in his problems of all-absorbing importance; while the average man of the world sets down classical studies as of about the same use as the pedagogue's ferrule in vigorously disciplining the boy with paradigms, rules of syntax and ten-fold compound-sentences in whose mazy convolutions all sense is lost. Yet the world has not abandoned all appreciation of a liberal education. This is required by the demands of higher scholarship and by the culture of wealthy refinement. But what is the meaning of this "liberal education," which our utilitarian age somewhat inconsistently admires? It means an education which goes beyond mere utility. The theologian, the physician, the jurist, the scientist, may all be thorough scholars, but they are certainly not liberally educated if their attainments are limited to what is merely useful to them in their several pursuits. He is a liberal scholar whose studies freely go beyond the earning of a livelihood, the building of a bridge, the electric lighting of a city, the defence of a client in litigation, the amelioration of physical suffering, or any mere professional occupation. In harmony with this view, the curricula of our higher institutions of learning include *belles lettres*, history, rhetoric, languages—dead and living—philosophy and higher mathematics; so that a thoroughly educated graduate is introduced to the highest ranks of educational and intellectual aristocracy, and is liberally educated, whatever more practical and utilitarian studies he may subsequently pursue.

The tendency, however, now under the pressure of popular feeling is to combine the useful and the liberal in the University curriculum, and under this pressure physical sciences are conspicuously advanced and classics are being thrust into the background. This feeling is becoming so strong that physical sciences are deified and thought is becoming materialized, and in the presence of force God is in some quarters regarded as a

superfluity. Classical studies aided four hundred years ago in freeing the world from ecclesiastical despotism. They may be similarly honoured in coming time in rescuing the human mind from the despotism of materialism. As long as thought is recognized as superior to force and motion, literature and art, which are the highest expression of human thought, seek not as a favour, but demand as a right, that they shall receive at least as much attention as mechanics; and they are ready to add the charm of grace and culture to all mere utilitarian studies, and are consonant indeed with the highest spirituality.

"I should wish you to examine how it is that England—the country in which the classic studies are certainly the most honoured—should be the country where, on the whole, the Christian spirit has preserved to these latter times the greatest empire in legislation and manners." Such were the words of the eminent Count de Montalembert, a Romanist, most liberal in culture as well as in spirit, to whom a book was dedicated by L'Abbé Gaume, *Le Ver Rongeur des Sociétés Modernes*, whose object was to show that pagan classics might advantageously be superseded by patristic literature in higher education. The distinguished Count, when replying to the dedication of this book, was not prepared to ignore the benefits of advantages studies, but voiced the verdict of history as to their benefits.

The favourable effect of the study of the classics appears from the fact that such study has been associated with the grandest movements in human progress, and has been approved by the best representative men in the different ages of history.

The study of classics has been often marred by teachers giving their chief attention to grammatical construction, and failing to impart to the pupil any adequate idea of the scope and beauty of the work being read. Discouragement and disgust are generally the results of such a method. But let a student be introduced to classical literature by a skilful guide and preceptor, and it is like a visit to another world whose outward surroundings are strange, but whose thoughts and aspirations we are delighted to discover harmonize with our own. Max Müller, in his *Survey of Languages*, says, "In learning Greek and Latin we are learning more than a new language, we are acquiring an entirely novel system of thought." By a novel system of thought he probably meant different methods of reaching truth from those with which in our civilization we are familiar. Truth itself must be regarded as a unit through all

the ages. Cousin so highly appreciated classical studies that he declared, "To cripple, far more to destroy them, would in my eyes be an act of barbarism, and an audacious attempt to arrest true civilization, a sort of high treason against humanity." Sir William Hamilton, in his discussion on philosophy, states, "The study of ancient literature, if properly directed, is absolutely the best means towards a harmonious development of the faculties, the one end of all liberal education." "A nation," says McCosh, "studiously giving up its attention to these tongues would be virtually cut off from the past, and would be apt to become stagnant like a pool into which no streams flow and from which none issue, instead of a lake receiving pure waters from above and giving them out below."

Classical studies, it is admitted, have sometimes been injured as much by unwise and biased friends as by open foes. When, for example, we are seriously told, that classical literature is the storehouse of all valuable ethical principles, an insult is offered to common sense and ordinary intelligence. If the Golden Rule was announced by Pythagoras before the Sermon on the Mount was delivered, we can only say with Augustine, "Gratulamur illi, non sequimur illum. Sed prior fuit ille quam Christus. Si quis vera loquitur, prior est quam ipsa Veritas! O homo, attende Christum, non quando ad te venerit, sed quando te fecerit."—*Enarr* in Ps. cxl. 6. There is much, very much the world needs to know about which the pages of the classics contain not a syllable. Sceptics think they find the Logos doctrine of John in the doctrine of Ideas of Plato. They might as well search for it in the traditions of the Mohawk Indians. The mystery of the Incarnation, so vitally connected with human interests, is disclosed in only one book in the world, the Gospel of the grace of God. At the same time, the rich treasures of truth and sentiment stored in the classics no unprejudiced scholar is disposed to ignore.

It is significant that when in the fourth century upon the ruins of Greek and Roman civilization a new religious and social order was being founded, many of the representatives of the new order were disposed not only to recognize the sublime excellence of the pagan classics, but also to employ these in the rival service of the Christian faith, and to observe the figurative counsel of the great Augustine on the subject to "take from the Egyptians their vessels of gold and silver and give them to the Israelites, that they might serve to ornament the tabernacle."

Among many eminent representatives of the new faith seeking culture and help from the classics were St. Basil, St. Chrysostom, St. Gregory of Nazianzum, St. Cyprian and St. Jerome, the last of whom draws attention to the significant fact that St. Paul in a Bible meant for the world quotes three times from pagan classics. It is not forgotten or denied that some of these warned the faithful of the moral and spiritual dangers which lurked in these studies which they so passionately loved. The last of them, St. Jerome, the ablest linguist in the Church of the fourth and fifth centuries, to whom all the ages since have been indebted for the Latin Vulgate Bible, was so anxious on this point for the young of whom he wrote, that he said, "What can there be in common between the profane chants of paganism and the chaste chords from the lyre of the prophets? How can we associate Horace with David? Virgil with the Gospel? It is useless to plead the excuse of intention. It is always a scandal to see a Christian soul in a temple of idols." To understand this strong language, we must bear in mind that he was speaking of the education of tender youth. He spoke as one might wisely speak, for example, of works of fiction in modern literature, though recognizing at the same time what few intelligent men ignore, the merits and value of classical fiction. The same St. Jerome when defending himself against his enemy, Rufinus, in a letter to Magnus, a great Roman orator, also defended with much force and zeal his study of pagan classics.

Coming from Christianity established to Christianity reformed, we find that one of the most prominent intellectual agencies in bringing about the reform of the sixteenth century was the revival of classical studies. L'Abbé Gaume finds the cause of all the horrors and evils of Protestantism in this very revival, so that with him Protestantism is identical in spirit with Greek and Roman paganism. It is a common thing for some Roman Catholic scholars to disparage classics, because of these supposed evil effects of their study. But to classics Protestantism owes much for the intellectual quickening and vigour which gave it birth. In Plato is the inspiration of the great movement we call Humanism, and in Humanism we find one of the most active agencies leading to the vast social, political and ecclesiastical changes which in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries produced our modern society. In this movement classical studies were well ranked among the humanities, for eminently humane they were with their en-

larging and elevating influence. Intellectual stagnation gave place in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries to life and thought and inquiry. This Renaissance, or new birth, unquestionably rendered grand service to humanity when it gave the world such writers as Ariosto, Cervantes, Rabelais and Shakespeare; and such scholars as Copernicus, Alberti, Campanella, Reuchlin and Erasmus. When it produced such epics in stone as St. Peter's, the Madeleine and St. Paul's; such kingly genius in art as that of Pietro Sacchi, Raphael, Da Vinci, Titian, Correggio and Velasquez; and such universities as Heidelberg, Tubingen, Jena and Halle.

This movement had its immediate cause in the revival of the study of classical literature. This literary Argosy, rescued at the fall of Constantinople, in 1453, from Saracen violence, was wisely welcomed and treasured by the West. The new movement was fostered in Italy by the eminent family of the Medici, which included the brilliant and scholarly Pontiff, Leo X. Although other churchmen doubtless more devout had their anxious surmisings whereunto this would grow, it is not denied that this revival from a religious standpoint had some aspects by no means favourable, still the claim is undisputed that the present age, such as it is, is largely indebted to Humanism. Macaulay in impassioned periods exclaims:

"From the splendid literature of Greece have sprung all the strength, the wisdom, the freedom and the glory of the Western world; from this were the vast accomplishments and brilliant fancy of Cicero, the withering fire of Juvenal, the plastic imagination of Dante, the humour of Cervantes, the comprehension of Bacon, the wit of Butler, the supreme and universal excellence of Shakespeare. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them—by the lonely lamp of Erasmus; by the restless bed of Pascal; in the tribune of Mirabeau; in the cell of Galileo; on the scaffold of Sydney. Wherever literature consoles sorrow or assuages pain, wherever it brings gladness to eyes that fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep, there is exhibited in its noblest form the immortal influence of Athens."

At the present classical studies are being to a great extent displaced by studies more peremptorily demanded by our utilitarian age. Still the world cannot afford, even in this the busiest day of its history, to part with the treasures of Greek and Latin philosophy and literature. The driving of the last spike on the Canadian Pacific Railway may mark in the estimation of the majority of Canadians the crowning glory of the nineteenth century,

but Greek literature is the crowning glory of the uninspired human intellect in all the ages. A distinguished American scholar, the Hon. Charles Francis Adams, might have the temerity even amid the academic dignities of convocation at Harvard to pronounce the Greek language "a College Fetich." The response to his hasty speech comes in the significant report of the Dean of Harvard, two years afterward, showing as many students in Greek as in geology, and many more than in mathematics, chemistry, physics, biology, German or French. A writer in a review at the time draws attention to the following facts:

There are still some eminent men who may not be able wholly to divest themselves of all respect for this ancient "College Fetich," such as Lord Derby, Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone; men, who, it will be admitted, have some practical aptitude for public affairs, but still worship this "College Fetich;"—to a Macaulay, who on one occasion was met by an acquaintance in a by-way of London, with his face thrust into a Greek book and the tears streaming down his cheeks, alas! worshipping this "College Fetich," and he then an old man!—to a Robert Hall, who, when no longer young, in order that he might rearrange, as he tells us, the whole furniture of his mind, read the Iliad and Odyssey twice over critically, and with great perseverance went through the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides, and other Greek writers, and then, in spite of his worship of the "College Fetich," wrote the noblest sermons in the language on "Modern Infidelity" and the death of the Princess Charlotte;—and to a Michelet, a man of the people in some respects, of modern tastes and advanced notions, who tells us that he himself "had been born like a blade of grass in the shade between the flagstones of Paris, but had been restored to colour and vigour and life by southern sunshine and the warmth of another climate" in the study of the ancient languages of Southern Europe. His knowledge of the people he traces directly to this source—"Because I was," he says, "enabled to trace it to its historic origin and see it issue from the depths of time. Whoever will confine himself to the present, the actual, will not understand them. He who is satisfied with seeing the exterior, and painting the form, will not even be able to see it. To see it accurately and translate it faithfully, he must know what it covers; there is no painting without anatomy!"

Gladstone, one of the most brilliant classical scholars of the century, goes so far as to say concerning physical science and history:

"Their true position is auxiliary to classical studies. The modern European civilization from the middle ages downwards is the compound of two great factors—the Christian religion for the spirit of man, and the Greek (and in a secondary degree the Roman) discipline for his mind and intellect. St. Paul is the apostle of the Gentiles, and in his own person a symbol of this great wedding; the place, for example, of Aristotle and Plato in Christian education is not arbitrary, nor in principle mutable. The mate-

rials of what we call classical training were prepared in order that it might become not a mere adjunct, but in mathematical phrase, the complement of Christianity in its application to the culture of man."

Classical literature is imperishable, and history shows that when the world is in its best forms of development, it most prizes and studies these treasures of Greek and Roman thought and culture.

In conclusion, the thought is emphasized that lofty ideal of character, such as appears in Greek and Roman ethics, is one thing, and moral power to reach it is another. Man needs a Divine power, such as comes alone from Calvary, to enable him to reach the lofty summit rising to view, far above his degradation and moral inability. Schiller, who presents one of the finest examples of a lofty and cultured Rationalism, after years of futile moral endeavour, in writing to Goethe thus voices this need, "The distinguishing characteristic of Christianity, by which it is differentiated from all other monotheistic systems, lies in the fact that it does away with the Kantian imperative of obligation, and in its place substitutes a free, spontaneous inclination of the heart." The influence that thus renews the heart and character comes alone from Him who is the "Way, the Truth, and the Life."

CHRIST TO THE UNFAITHFUL SOUL.

The following is a free translation of the famous lines traced on the walls of the Cathedral of Lubeck :

THOU callest Me Master—and heedest not Me ;
Thou callest Me Light—and I shine not for thee ;
Thou callest Me the Way—and dost follow me not ;
Thou callest Me the Life—and My name is forgot ;
Thou callest Me the Truth—and defilest thy soul ;
Thou callest Me Guide—and despisest control ;
Thou callest Me Lovely—withholding thy heart ;
Thou callest Me Rich—and desirest no part ;
Thou callest Me Eternal—nor seekest My truth ;
Thou callest Me Merciful—wasting thy youth ;
Thou callest Me Noble—and draggest Me down ;
Thou callest Me Almighty—nor fearest my frown ;
Thou callest Me Just—oh, if Just then I be ;
When I shall condemn thee, reproach thou not Me !

FORTY YEARS WITH THE SIOUX.*

BY THE REV. JOHN M'LEAN, PH.D.

MORE than half a century has elapsed since Whitman and Spalding went to the Pacific Coast as pioneer missionaries to the Nez Percés, Flatheads, and neighbouring Indian tribes. The story of their departure, the history of their mission, and its connection with the territorial claims of the United States Government and the settlement of Oregon, and the massacre of Whitman and his friends, fills a thrilling page in the annals of the missionary world.

The departure of these faithful men, with their wives, for their fields of toil touched the hearts of the Christian people of New England, and amongst the number was a young man named Stephen Return Riggs. Trained in a Christian home, enjoying a thorough college education and taking unto himself for a wife, Mary Ann Longley, daughter of General Thomas Longley, he chose to labour amongst the red men, and henceforth the united lives of "Mary and I," as he speaks of himself and wife in his autobiography, were to be spent among the Dakotas of the West. "Westward ho!" was a very significant term in those days, when railroads were few and settlements sparse. A journey of three thousand miles had to be under taken, and before starting for the land of the trader, trapper and Indian, they nobly resolved never to desecrate God's day by travel, a resolution faithfully kept amid many difficulties, until the camp-fires of the Sioux were found. It took them three months to reach the scene of their labours. On June 1st, 1837, they placed their feet in the land of the Dakotas, and with light hearts prepared themselves for the toils and conquests of missionary life. In the region of the Minnetonka and the charming Minnehaha—which by the way does not mean Laughing Water but Curling Water—the first log cabin erected by a white man had been built by the missionaries, the Pond brothers, who had preceded Riggs, and work among the Sioux begun. The young missionary had been strongly impressed by the Missionary Secretary of his Church that his success would

* *Mary and I; or, Forty Years with the Sioux.* By STEPHEN RETURN RIGGS, D.D., LL.D. Boston: Congregational Publishing House. Toronto: William Briggs.

largely depend upon progress made in the study of the native language. Accordingly he began enthusiastically to study the Dakota language, or more particularly the Santee dialect. Dr. Williamson, "the father of the Dakota mission," and the two Pond brothers had previously to this time studied the language and arranged a vocabulary, which became the nucleus of the grammar and dictionary of the Dakota language. The Dakotas did not take kindly to the Gospel, as it did not accord with their ideas, and strongly opposed many of the native customs. The missionaries had come to stay, and they were not to be daunted by the opposition of the chiefs.

Provisions were dear, salaries were small, and the Indians had many demands to make. The Indians appreciated the labours of the missionaries in proportion to their gifts, but the spiritual religion lacking in the tangible accompaniments of their native ceremonials had no charms for them. The first man to learn English was Eagle Help, a famous war prophet. He was of much service to the mission as guide and interpreter, but there came a time when he must declare his power as a seer. He fasted, prayed and saw visions, and the spirit of the vision revealed to him the Ojibways, and the voice of the spirit said "Up Eagle Help and kill." Heretofore the vision had never failed, and now the young men engaged in the "*no flight*" dance, steeling their hearts by the recital of the brave deeds of their fathers. The missionaries replied to the haughty war-prophet's declarations, that they would pray for his defeat. Enraged, he killed two of the mission cattle, sought his enemies on the prairie, but returned without a scalp, and revenged himself by taking another animal to feast upon. From that day his power was gone, and like many of his prophets and medicine-men amongst the Indian tribes of our own Dominion, he was compelled to confess that the knowledge and power of the Gospel had deprived him of the communion he formerly held with the spirits of the air. The first full-blooded Dakota to embrace the Gospel in its fulness, was Simon Anawangmane. Despite the jeers of his fellows, and the taunts of the women and the children, he remained firm. But a visit to some of his brethren ended in his submitting to the power of strong drink. His friends praised him for his bravery, and derided the idea of a Dakota brave so noble and true becoming a slave to intemperance. He rejected the offers, but they were repeated and the strong man fell. For eight years he sorrowed on account of his fall, sometimes standing by the church door or in a secluded

corner, until again the light shone in his heart and he rejoiced in the fellowship of the saints.

Amid the opposition from many of the Indians, the lack of sympathy and very little apparent success, the work of preparing a literature for the people went on. Throughout all the years of the Dakota mission the educating and training of the young, and the work of giving a native literature to the Sioux, have been prominent features. In the early years there were hard toilers translating books, and studying the language. The following are some of the numerous works written or translated by the Williamsons, father and son, the Pond brothers and the elder and younger Riggs, assisted by the Renvilles, who were of French and Dakota extraction: Extracts from different parts of the Bible; Watts' Second Catechism; a Dakota Hymn Book; Primers and Lesson Books; The Pilgrim's Progress; an Elementary Geography; Bible Geography; Grammar and Bible Dictionary of the Dakota language; and in 1880 the complete translation of the Bible.

Glancing over "Pilling's Bibliography of the Siouan Languages," I have been astonished at the very extensive literature belonging to the Santee Sioux, and the labours performed in this direction by the early toilers in the Dakota field. After referring to the collecting and arranging of the separate books of the Bible as translated, Pilling makes the following noteworthy statement: "These additions make the Dakotas' Bible complete—the first, so far as I know, except the Cree and Eskimo, in any Indian tongue since Eliot's Bible in the Massachusetts language. The Muskoki is nearly complete." The Grammar Dictionary was published under the auspices of the Historical Society of Minnesota, the Smithsonian Institution doing the work and defraying the expenses. S. R. Riggs spent seven months seeing it through the press, and its reception by philologists, Indian scholars and the literary world was very encouraging indeed.

Dark days of sorrow were spent at the "Oaks of Weeping," as two of the mission workers were drowned. The Indians came with sad countenances, but with little sympathy in their hearts, as they told the grief-stricken mourners that Oonktehe, their water-god was angry, and had taken their friends away. Again and again were the mission cattle killed and eaten, oftentimes the red men demanded pay for the use of the water, grass and wood used by the missionaries, then the services were for a long period almost wholly neglected and the people became

sadly addicted to intemperance. Yet prayers were ascending for blessings to rest upon the work, and continuously they sowed, believing that the harvest would finally come.

Day after day the work went on, heedless of the difficulties. Some of the toilers left the mission for other fields more congenial to their tastes, and others passed to the spirit land after labouring for years, without seeing much success. The mission house was burned down with nearly all its contents, then came the massacre of forty white people by the Indians, which was known as the Spirit Lake massacre; and finally on the 17th of August, 1862, the terrible outbreak of the Sioux in Minnesota, by which five hundred settlers lost their lives, the country for some time was depopulated, and much property was destroyed. Twenty-five years had passed away and the end seemed to have come in the destruction of the mission. On that memorable 17th of August the missionary and his people were celebrating the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the little church at Hazelwood, for it was the Sabbath. But flight became inevitable, and the hearts of the faithful men and women were sad and filled with fear. The midnight marches, the deserted homes passed on the way, the reports from fleeing settlers, and the reception by loving friends, left abiding impressions upon the hearts of the sufferers. God was better to them than all their fears. The years gone by had not been fruitless, and the God of Israel was still their "refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." The Dakota Presbytery had been organized in 1845, and there belonged to it faithful half-breeds and Indians. The Hazelwood Republic had been constituted to encourage Christian settlement amongst the Dakotas, and in this there had been a line drawn between Christianity and heathenism, which all could easily see. Rapid improvement was made in civilization in this young community. In dress, industry, food, and manners there was a striking contrast between the heathen Indians and the Hazelwood Republic. There took root the idea of the Boarding-school system, which was fully developed and became very successful. The execution of the leaders in the Minnesota massacre and the detention of several hundreds in prison preyed upon the minds of the Sioux. They had trusted in their heathen gods, but the Christian's God had gained the victory. The prisoners asked for books, and these were gladly given. The missionaries visited them, and there, in the prison, the Indians wept and prayed and believed. About three hundred were baptized in prison. When the

Indians were removed services were still kept up, many more rejoiced in the knowledge of sins forgiven and were baptized. The work then fully begun after the twenty-five years' sowing the seed, has gone on spreading far and wide among the different bands of the Dakotas, until to-day thousands of them are following the lessons of civilization and waiting upon the preaching of the truth. Dr. Riggs was led to rejoice in the spread of the Gospel among the Stonies, a branch of the Sioux, having met the Rev. John McDougall and gleaned the facts from him. In 1875, through the intercession of the Rev. Dr. Black, of Kildonan, near Winnipeg, Solomon Toonkanshaecheye was sent to labour among the Sioux living near Fort Ellice.

Two years ago the writer of this article spent a few days at Birtle, and was delighted to hear the people speak in terms of high commendation of the work of this devoted missionary to his own tribe. At Moosejaw about twenty lodges of Sioux are located, without a teacher to tell them the way of life. A visit to the Sioux day-school at Portage la Prairie, supported by the ladies of that town, revealed some interesting features of missionary work, during the sessions of the Methodist Conference lately held there, although fifty years of earnest toil had been spent among the Dakotas, seeking their salvation, physical, intellectual and spiritual. The Indian Department of the United States issued an order for the suppression of the native language in the schools. The friends of the Indian, lay and clerical, came to the rescue, and success has followed their efforts. The Gospel education and civilization in its many forms are rapidly spreading among the Santees, Winnebagos, Omahas, Hidatsa, Yankton and other Dakota tribes and bands. An educated Omaha lady sent me a letter in answer to one I sent her on Indian education, and this I prize as one of the chief treasures of my Indian library, because of its author, the excellent composition and penmanship. Native teachers and pastors are labouring with success among the Sioux, many churches and educational institutions are in existence, and the prospects of the work are bright with promises of tribes saved from heathenism to enjoy the purity and blessedness of the truth.

After a long and useful life amongst the Dakotas, the Rev. S. R. Riggs, D.D., LL.D., died at Beloit, Wisconsin, on August 24, 1883.

The Bible in Dakota still speaks around the camp-fires of the red men, although the translator has gone to the spirit land, there to await the great reunion of noble hearts and true.

A SEALING ADVENTURE ON THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY THE REV. JOHN A. MANNING.

THERE were three of us—three missionaries—but you would hardly take us for such, for we were travel-stained and weary, since we had all of us been away from home about a month on a missionary tour in the Notre Dame Bay, Newfoundland. As to appearance, we were anything but clerical in our garb. With fur caps or Elsinores closely tied down over our ears, and each with a knapsack on his back, containing a change of clothes, a couple of books belonging to their year's course—the two younger brethren were probationers—a compass, in case of being caught in a snow-storm, and a cake or two of hard bread, to appease the cravings of the inner man while on the march. Added to this, each had his snowshoes, or as commonly called “rackets,” and a gaff, to test the ice or otherwise assist us

It was on a Saturday afternoon that we arrived at the settlement of Shoe Cove, where the houses were perched on a ledge of rocks far above the water, like gulls' nests. Having travelled about two hundred miles, we were glad of a rest. All the way down the shore we had found but one subject of conversation—the “swiles” (seals), which crowded out everything else. However, “we must make hay while the sun shines,” so as all the men had returned by night-fall, from a day on the ice, hauling their precious loads of “fat,” we announced that the missionary meeting would be held that night. And what a gathering it was! I shall never forget it. There were women in full force, but the men were this time in a minority. What few were there, had either bandages over their eyes or their “goggles” on, for they were nearly or quite snow-blind. Though suffering the agonies of snowblindness, you could tell they had hearts full of Methodist fire by the hearty Amens and Hallelujahs that every now and then broke forth. The meeting was a good one. The next day being the Sabbath, the usual services were held.

Being English, we ministers were anxious to see the young seals or “whitecoats” in their native element, accordingly it was arranged that we should start with the men as soon as the Sabbath was over. Retiring early, we were aroused by our host

and the baying of the dogs outside ere the clock struck one. Everybody was astir. The men getting their "hauling-ropes" ready, and the women preparing breakfast and filling the "nunny bags" with provisions. Soon we were on the march, with gaffs and ropes over our shoulders and dogs in harness, which barked lustily, eager for the fray. A walk of five miles took us across the neck of land, and we came to the French fishing-station of La Scie. It is a beautiful harbour, with good land sloping gradually from the shore. The beach was covered with the French "batteaux." After a halt and a cup of tea in one of the "fishing rooms," we prepared to take the ice.

There was not a breath of wind, a light fog hung over the ice, through which the huge pinnacles loomed like ghosts, and gave it the appearance of fairy-land. A consultation was held as to the advisability of going on the ice—for it had all the appearance of a southerly wind, which would take us off the shore—and the course to be taken. These questions settled, we started, Indian file. Oftentimes we would be able to see but few of the men, being hidden by the "rafted" ice. Four hours' tramping, and yet no sign of any seals. Still on. We must be now about seven miles from land, which was invisible. Half an hour more and one of the dogs evidently has a scent, for he bounds off and then after a few minutes, coming through the fog, we see a line of men with their "tow" of seals each. This gives new energy and inspires new hopes in all. A little farther, and we are among the young seals. There they lie under the clumps of ice, with their beautiful, shiny white coats, their large human-looking eyes turned beseechingly upon us, and we can see the great tears begin to roll down their cheeks, as if they knew our object and were piteously imploring mercy. One almost relents at their plaintive cry. One may take them up in his arms, when not too big; for when young they are harmless. The murderous work is going on all round, and everybody is busy lacing up their "pelts" or skins ready to start. A sharp blow on the end of the nose with the gaff and they are dead. Then the skin with its three or four inches of fat is stripped from the carcase and laced together, and we begin to make our way along the same path as we came by.

It is no easy work now, pulling the "tow" over the "hummocks" of ice, then leaping across a seal hole. By this time we had exhausted our stock of water, and we had recourse to the snow and ice to quench our thirst, in spite of the warnings

of the men, that it would only intensify it. What agony a famine of water must produce we gained some idea that day. What would we not have given for a glass of cold water? Four hours of hauling and we were nearing the shore, now clearly visible, as the fog had lifted. Another mile would see us on *terra firma* again. We put forth all our strength. But hark! The whole line halts. "'Tis a gun!" cries one. But he was laughed at, and we start again. Bang! bang! bang! once, twice, three times does the ominous sound reach us. The man was right. They are firing warning guns. The ice has parted from the land, though we feel scarcely a breath of air. "Slip your tows!" "Cut your ropes!" runs along the line of excited men and boys, as every one prepares to leave the seals for which we have worked so hard. The guns are still heard, and now on the top of the cliff we can see the men waving us direction as to the way to take. As fast as we can travel do we make our way shoreward, for the ice goes off very quickly and there are no boats to be had in the harbour.

At last the foremost men stop—stop on the very edge of the ice—and there is a quarter of a mile of water between us and the shore. The hearts of some give way, and with tears and lamentations they reproach themselves for coming. Gently they are pushed to the front, and with earnest entreaties kept walking lest they should lie down and perish. We make our way along the edge of the ice for the nearest headland another mile off, and every now and then one falls into a slob-hole to be pulled out, wet through. Three quarters of an hour and we are at the narrowest place, and then it is a matter of leaping from pan to pan, some hardly able to bear the weight. At last, after many escapes, we reach a pan by the side of the rocks. The ice has fallen, and there is no means gaining firm ground but by being hauled fifteen feet up the cliff by the men who had given us the warning. What a scene of excitement it was I shall never to my latest hour forget. Men shouting, dogs barking, and all in a hurry to get ashore for fear the pan should capsize. In a few minutes all were safely ashore. As we landed, "Uncle" Henry came forward with a warm grasp of the hand, and said, "Thank God, sir, you're all safe. It was a narr'y go through."

The excitement over, we realized more fully our imminent danger. With but one boat in the harbour, and that in a leaky condition, nothing could be done to help us, and we might have been driven far out to sea; or had a snow-storm come on, as they

do so suddenly in this climate, we could scarcely have escaped. Our thoughts were many, and our hearts were full, as with thankfulness we lifted them to God in gratitude for deliverance. We were straightway conducted to the residence of the magistrate, who treated us with the proverbial hospitality of Newfoundlanders, where full justice was done to the dinner off seal shoulders, for which the hard work of the past hours had prepared us. Having rested awhile, we started for Shoe Cove again, which was reached by eight o'clock at night. So ended one of the most eventful days of our missionary life, for which we paid dearly by three or four days of snow-blindness.

THE LESSON OF THE RIPPLES.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

I WALKED at evening by the lake,
The air was hushed, and all was still,
I could not hear a ripple break,
Or leaf stir on the wooded hill.

My heart was sad with long desire,
With aims it could not realize;
Hope seemed to fade like sunset fire
Upon the borders of the skies.

I took a pebble, round and white,
And idly cast it from the shore,
It vanished wavering out of sight,
And I could see its gleam no more.

"Such are the deeds which I have done—
All lost in life's great deep!" I cried;
"I cast them, round and white, each one,
And they have vanished in the tide."

But even as I spoke there came
A silv'ry rhythm at my feet,
And looking down, I saw with shame
The ripples on the white stones beat!

And then I looked into the sky—
And one bright shining star was there,
Like angel presence waiting nigh
To fly to heaven with a prayer.

"I thank Thee, God in heaven!" I cried,
"For the sweet lesson Thou hast sent;
Help me henceforth Thy times to bide,
Striving and waiting with content."

THE LOST SILVER OF BRIFFAULT.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER XI.—THE FOUND SILVER.

WHEN this change in affairs began at Briffault, John was in New York looking for Gloria, who was yet unfound; and, at madam's request, nothing was said to him about it.

"If Gloria ever comes back, I want her to come in a mood thankful for the home she flung away. Briffault rebuilt and refurnished, and with a full treasury, might be a temptation; and I will not buy her return," said madam; and Ray and Cassia thought the decision a wise one.

So when John came back to Texas, about the end of October, he was very much astonished. He went direct from Galveston to Briffault, for he was longing to see Cassia and the children, as well as Ray and madam.

It was an exquisite afternoon, and he was on horseback riding leisurely along the familiar bridlepath. On that side of the swamp by which he entered it nothing had yet been touched. The cedars and the palmas there held their still grim vigils. Vast pecans, cotton-woods, sycamores, hickory and mulberry trees were tied together by inextricable tangles of grape-vines. Plum-trees were bending under their sour loads; and through the almost impenetrable brushwood slipped the narrow black bayous, the homes of the alligator and the water snake. But when he got toward the side nearest to the house a singular clamour gathered round him. He could not understand it, until he came suddenly upon a clearing and a group of nearly twenty men wielding big axes, while their captain—a gigantic middle-aged Ethiopian—led them in the improvisations with which the happy Negro labourer always lightens toil.

Most of the men at work belonged to the class-meeting held at Souda's; and they recognized John with a ringing shout. They flung down their axes and gathered round him with exclamations of delight and interrogation:

"Dat you, Mass' John?"

"When you come?"

"Whar you been?"

"Gwine to have class-meetin' 'gain?"

"Gwine to preach next Sunday, Mass' John?"

"Gwine to stay at home now, Mass' John?"

These and a dozen other questions, equally child-like and happy, met him. Every step of his way was a new astonishment; but the feeling was considerably increased when he

reached the house, for he could scarcely recognize it, amid its angles and turrets and gables, its additional wing, and its conservatory. True, all was yet in an unfinished state, and painters, glaziers, and gardeners were hard at work ; while the galleries were full of boxes and much household *debris*.

As soon as he entered the big hall he heard Cassia laughing happily, and he followed her voice and found her, with Ray and Mary, superintending the unpacking of the new furniture. She turned at his step with a radiant face, and then Ray turned, and very soon every child on the place knew that Uncle John had come home. A wonderful evening followed, and at least three hours of it were spent in madam's room. It was after midnight when they parted, and yet there had been so much to tell that every subject seemed to be only half discussed.

But no change in Briffault was, in John's opinion, so remarkable as the change in Ray. The grace of God makes the true, fine gentleman. To Ray it had imparted that delicate consideration for others which is the best politeness, and which nothing but a good heart can teach. He looked much younger ; he was calm, gentle, and thoughtful for every person's comfort and right. Into the work of renovating his home, and into the enterprise of redeeming the Briffault swamp, he had entered with an eager enthusiasm. All day long he could be seen riding between the house and the swamp ; his influence was felt everywhere, and the workmen were glad of his oversight and proud of his praise.

"I am so happy, John," he said, "so happy ! I never dreamed that life could be so worth living." They were riding in the fields together, and John smiled brightly back, and began to sing,

" Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ! "

In spite of his anxiety about Gloria, John could not help taking an active share in the pleasant, hopeful life at Briffault. A late youth seemed to have come to Ray and Cassia ; they were as much pleased with their altered home and their new furniture as if they were just going to housekeeping. It took John and Ray and Cassia, and sometimes all the children to unpack each piece. There was a family cabinet council about the arrangement of every room and the hanging of every picture. So John found it very delightful to be at Briffault, and when there he always took his afternoon cup of tea with madam, who had now a sincere liking for him and a great interest in his company.

The change in her was almost as great as that in Ray, but it had been a far more gradual one, and was, therefore, less

remarkable. Ever after that night—years ago—when Cassia had sung to her “The Man at the Gate,” there had been an almost imperceptible uplifting of her nature. As she began to know Cassia, and to live much among the children, her soul entered into an atmosphere favourable to the growth of good instincts, as sunshine is to vegetation. Then she began to love—to love even the one who had wronged and betrayed her—to love as God loves sinners, while they are sinners; and love of this unselfish character is the destroyer of all egotisms. It enters into the last asylum, and breaks the last idol; and when the heart has been thus disciplined, it has been prepared for an eternal love. Madam was nearer to the kingdom of God than she knew, or even dared to hope.

As Christmas approached John became very uneasy about Gloria. He had written frequently to her, but had only received in return two little formal notes, whose excessive courtesy only half-veiled the deep offence she nursed. He was beginning to think of going back to New York, beginning to fear that he had made a mistake, and was in danger of sacrificing the dear rebellious soul to his own pride. But Cassia begged him to delay the journey until after Christmas. She was not fully in John’s confidence; indeed he had told no one of the last move to which Gloria’s contradictions had driven him, and so Cassia urged her desire with unusual earnestness.

“Madam is going to have a real old-time Christmas, and I am sure every one will miss you, John; even the servants are calculating on a ‘big preachin’ from you. I do not think you ought to go—unless Gloria is more to you than every other soul and every other duty. O dear; I am sorry I said that, John. It sounds ill-natured, but it isn’t heart-deep, dear.”

“I know that, Cassia; and you shall have your will this time. I will not return to New York until after the New Year.”

It might be supposed that the noise and confusion incident to all these changes would seriously annoy and weary madam; but they did not. She took an active interest in every thing done on the place. On two occasions, with Ray and Cassia’s help, she even went down stairs to look at the newly-furnished rooms. In the Negro quarters there was a constant hubbub from dawn to dark. Madam watched them from her windows. The women washed under the trees; they laughed and chattered and sang and quarrelled constantly. Madam saw and heard everything; sometimes she interfered in their disputes; sometimes she sent them a compliment about their fine washing, or an advice about their children. There were nearly thirty children, and their high, shrill voices were never quiet. Gradually they got into the habit of “gwine to de ole madam” when anything wronged or troubled them; and their funny ways and speeches passed

many an hour pleasantly to her. She seemed to take in new life from all these new sources; she tired herself happily and thoroughly, and had long, deep, restful sleeps, which were of the greatest service and comfort.

The day before Christmas was to be a high day. Madam was about as excited about it as any of the children. Every one on the place was to receive a present from her own hand; and the presents were piled up ready on a large table in her room, all neatly folded and directed. Souda had been at Briffault for three days helping her; and Souda's very presence made a kind of holiday for madam. And all of Souda's household also, even to old Jane, were back at "the place" for the festival, and the Quarters' Avenue was like a Negro fair. But when the Negro is crowded he is happy; his cabin can always hold "one more."

It was a gloriously fine day; the sky blue, the sunshine warm, the fig-trees still shady, the live oaks green as ever, here and there a rose or an oleander in bloom. Early in the morning the children went shouting off to the swamp, to cut mistletoe and cedar and the wonderful scarlet yapon berries. At noon they came back loaded with such treasures; and then the decoration of the house and the cabins began.

Souda had persuaded madam to sleep a little, but when the sun began to wester low she brought her tea, and spoke to her about dressing for the ceremony.

"I wants you fur to wear the finest fings what yo'se got, madam. Some ob de young folks hab neber seen you dat way, and I'se kind ob sot my heart on dressin' you like yo'se self fur dem."

The idea pleased madam. Still shrewd and quick on all business matters she had become in other respects very child-like, and the thought of dressing elegantly for the astonishment and delight of these "new time" young people quite interested her. Madam's snow-white hair was still plentiful, and Souda arranged it high, with a bow of lace and an antique comb set with pearls. Leaning on her ivory staff, she stood before her Psyche glass and surveyed herself; and a pale pink blush flooded her cheeks and made her look almost young. Just at that moment Cassia entered, and she gazed at her with admiration, and took the spray of mistletoe and yapon from her own hair and pinned it on madam's breast, and kissed her fondly and proudly.

All were then in their own rooms dressing, or being dressed, and for half an hour there would be a little lull before the happy business of the night began. Cassia took a last look through her parlours; a last look at the beautifully arranged dinner-table, spread for the first time in the freshly-decorated dining saloon. How pretty was the new china, and the new

glittering silver, and the new bright crystal! As she stood admiring them she heard the approach of a carriage, but it scarcely gave her a thought—carriages and waggons and luggies had been coming and going all day, with packages and messages and invitations. She turned slowly and went to the door. A woman was standing upon the steps, and in a moment she divined who it was. She ran eagerly forward, and holding out both hands, and crying, softly :

“O Gloria! Gloria!”

“I am unhappy and lonely; I am miserable, Cassia! I want my home, and my own people. I want—John. O can you all forgive and love me?”

“We all love you dearly. We have all been longing for you. What a joy this is! O, darling, how good of you to come this night!”

“Can you hide me a little while, Cassia? I want to rest and dress myself before I see any one.”

“In my own sitting-room. Tea is there now. I have just had a cup. Come, dear!”

She led her up stairs, and, in its comfort and seclusion, told her of the festival madam was keeping; and, upon consideration, it was thought wisest for Gloria not to visit her until the excitement of the night was over.

“But John need not wait, Gloria,” added Cassia; “he is longing to see you, I know. In a little while I shall send him here. You will be ready?”

“Yes; I shall be ready.”

Half an hour after this conversation Ray and John were standing together on the parlour hearth-rug before the blazing fire. The children were gradually gathering in the room from their nursery, their white dresses and gay sashes making, amid its festal greens the prettiest bits of moving colour. Cassia entered with a crystal bowl of grapes in her hand. She went up to John with a smile, and said:

“Go, bring Gloria down. She is in my sitting-room, and it is time she was here.”

John thought she meant his pet niece, a little lady of four years old, and the darling of his heart.

“Is she asleep?” he asked. “Is it fair to awaken her?”

“I don’t think she is asleep. Go and see.”

His own Gloria had been in his thoughts all day, but just at that moment he had forgotten her. He thought only of the little curly-headed child who bore her name. When he pushed aside the door he was met by the woman whom most of all he longed to see. He opened his arms, and she hid herself in that loving embrace.

“I am come, John,” she whispered; “come to you forever! Will you forgive me? Will you love me still? I never want to miss you again. I have been so wretched, John.”

O the sweet, broken words of contrition and pardon and love! They cannot be translated into speech. What was it Peter said to Christ? What was it Christ said to Peter in that first meeting after the denial and the resurrection? No pen has written it; no pen can write such emotions. But they who have been forgiven, and they who have forgiven—they know.

John lingered so long that Ray noticed the delay; and Cassia said:

“Do go, my love, and see what is the matter.”

And O, how bright her face was, and what a loving smile played around her calm lips, and how she trembled with joy, when she saw Gloria come into the room leaning upon her brother and upon John—Ray’s eyes full of happy tears; John as proud and as glad as a bridegroom.

After dinner Ray and Cassia, with their two eldest children, Mary and Richard, went up to madam’s room; but John stayed with Gloria. Then was heard the merry ring of the banjo, and the music of the violin, and the joyous singing of many voices, as the people approached and massed themselves on the steps and on the verandas. And one by one, according to their age, they went up to madam’s room—from ’Zekiel, who was nearly a hundred years old, to little Afra, who was a baby in her mother’s arms.

Every one had the present most wished for; and to every one was given a small sum of money. The reception lasted nearly three hours, but madam bore up wonderfully, and to most of the old servants she said a few kind words, and gave them her hand. Never any queen had a more loyal and loving levee. Negroes are greatly impressed by magnificent clothing and fine surroundings. The beautiful old lady, lying on the crimson couch, dressed in pale satin and fine lace and gleaming pearls, seemed to them a mistress to be very proud of. That night no one had any words or any memories but kind ones. They had forgotten her faults, as children forget the reproofs of a parent.

“She wear de pure satin dress, and de pure pearls, and de white kid gloves on her hands; and she give her hand even to poor ole ’Zekiel.”

“Dar aint any ladies like de ole madam dese days! Miss Cassia, she’s purty well, but de ole madam. *Ki!* Miss Cassia kaint come anigh her!”

Fortunately for madam, as soon as her last visitor was gone, she fell into the profound sleep of healthy weariness. The happy tumult of the festival, the tapping of the children at her door, the running up and down, the songs and chatter and laughter, disturbed her not. With hands lightly clasped upon her breast, she lay in her satin and lace and pearls, and slept, as sweetly unconscious of them as if she had been a babe. An hour of

such deep slumber quite refreshed her. She opened her eyes with a smile, and put down her hand to Souda, who was sitting watchfully patient on the floor by her side.

When her chocolate was made and her fine apparel removed, she said :

"Now, Souda you must go to the quarters. I know the people will not be really happy until they get you among them."

And as madam would not be disobeyed in this matter, Souda drew her couch to the window overlooking the cabins, and left her. But as she passed the parlour she called Cassia out, and said :

"Madam 'sists on me gwine 'mong de people dis night, Miss Cassia, and I thought may be some ob de little chillen like fur to stay awhile wid her. She's done had her sleep and seems mighty peart-like."

"Cassia told her of Gloria's return, and asked if she thought it safe to allow her to visit madam that night.

"Course it's safe. Joy neber hurted any one, Miss Cassia. I've heard say some folks die wid it. Dat's all foolishness! Tell Miss Gloria to go to de madam; we've got no time to tarry 'bout doin' de right ting."

Without doubt Gloria was glad of the permission. She went quickly to the well-known door and knocked, the sharp tap, tap, tap that had always been her signal. Madam recognized it at once, and hope sprang up in her heart.

"Who is that?" she asked, eagerly.

"It is Gloria, dear grandma."

"Come in, my child!"

And Gloria fell down at her side and kissed her, and the words of her love and repentance were mingled with the words of her welcome and her forgiveness. In an hour Ray and Cassia and John joined them, and they sat and talked together until Souda came back, "singing happy," to put madam to rest; but not to sleep. Souda lay down on her pallet at madam's feet and slept heavily; but madam was almost supernaturally awake. Her whole life was visibly present to her; she remembered people and events long, long forgotten; and hour after hour she communed with her heart upon her bed and was still, while God spoke to her. Many things in that solemn night season He brought to her remembrance, until a great wave of gratitude swept all other consciousness away, and she began to praise Him because of His goodness to Ray and to Gloria, and to her faithful friend and handmaid, Souda; and even while she was praying for others, her heart melted, and bursting into a flood of tears, she moaned out :

"Bless me, even me, O my Father!"

What prayer like that has ever been unanswered since the beginning of time?

When she awoke in the morning her first thought was:

"O, I have had such a blessed dream."

But the joy and peace in her soul was a far more blessed reality. She lay all day in a kind of rapturous trance, too exhausted physically to answer any one, except by a smile, or the clasp of a finger; but she was supremely happy. She heard Ray and John come in and out, and Gloria talking to Cassia in a low voice about her life in New York; and at night she heard jubilant snatches of song from the kitchen, where Souda was holding "a big prayer-meetin'," and singing her favourite spiritual with triumphant variations:

"De Great Householder done find de silver,
 Joy among de angels 'way up in Zion!
 Find de piece ob silver hidin' in de corner,
 Light de can'le, find dat piece ob silver, hidin' in de corner,
 Joy among de angels 'way up in Zion!
 Joy among de angels! Hallelujah!
 Joy among de angels, 'way up in Zion!'"

But far better and sweeter than the fervour of active joy was the tranquil bliss in which, upon the very border-land of being, her soul rested!

"And gave thanks for the weakness that made her lie
 So helpless and calm for a while;
 While the noise of the feasting went gladly by,
 And she heard it, in dreams, with a smile.

"O sweet is the slumber wherewith the King
 Oft causes the weary to rest;
 For sleeping, they hear the angels sing,
 They lean on the Master's breast."

They were a little fearful for two days that the great effort she had made was to be her last one; but when the exhaustion consequent upon so much emotion was repaired she seemed brighter and stronger than she had been for some time. She took the greatest interest in Gloria's second marriage. It was such a pleasure to her that every trifle connected with it was purposely discussed in her room. Gloria was by no means a poor bride; and as she had brought the furniture of her New York home to Texas, the Preston House soon grew very beautiful under her directing taste. And John drew diagrams of all the rooms, and described to madam how everything was arranged.

The marriage ceremony took place at Briffault, and madam exquisitely dressed, stood a few minutes during it by the bride's side, looking, as some one said, "like a good fairy." There was no bridal trip on this occasion. John and Gloria

went to their beautiful home with the bridal bliss in their hearts, and the bridal blessings and good wishes ringing like joybells in their ears. It was in the early spring, when the flowers were budding and the trees just green, and the happy birds were building among them. And into the newly garnished rooms they carried marriage hopes undimmed by a single frown or care.

Once more Souda dressed madam in her beautiful garments—when Gloria's first child was christened; and when the little one was brought home from church Souda laid it in her arms and said, proudly:

"Miss Sylvia Briffault!"

And madam's eyes shone with love and joy over the pretty baby. Of all the children she had held to her heart this last one seemed to her the sweetest and fairest. She lived to see the wilful, selfish Gloria forget herself in her husband and children, and grow daily, at John's side, into a noble Christian woman.

She may be living yet. Amid the renewed happiness and prosperity of Briffault it is such a pleasant thing to remember the beautiful old lady, that we would fain give her, at least in our imagination, a place in it. For when those corner windows shall be dark at night, and when no small, frail hand shall push aside their curtains in the day-time, there will be many sad hearts in Briffault, even though they have a "sure and certain hope" that she has gone

"To the upper room of our Father's house,
Where the feast is spread for the Master's friends,
And the song of their victory never ends."

THE END.

THE LESSON OF THE LEAVES.

BY THOS. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

O THOU who bearest on thy thoughtful face
The wearied calm that follows after grief,
See how the autumn guides each loosened leaf
To sure repose in its own sheltered place.
Ah, not forever whirl they in the race
Of wild forlornness round the gathered sheaf,
Or, hurrying onward in a rapture brief,
Spin o'er the moorlands into trackless space!
Some hollow captures each; some sheltering wall
Arrests the wanderer on its aimless way;
The autumn's pensive beauty needs them all,
And winter finds them warm, though sere and gray.
They nurse young blossoms for the spring's sweet call,
And shield new leaflets for the burst of May.

—*The Century.*

The Higher Life.

A NOBLE LIFE.—

WOULD'ST shape a noble life? Then cast
 No backward glance towards the past;
 And though somewhat be lost and gone,
 Yet do thou act as one new-born.
 What each day needs, that shalt thou ask;
 Each day will set its proper task.
 Give others' work just share of praise,
 Not of thine own the merit raise.
 Beware no fellow-man thou hate;
 And so in God's hands leave thy fate.

"WHAT MUST I GIVE UP."

"BUT where," it is asked, "does this common ground end, and the realm of the world begin?" We may be helped to an answer if we look first at the opposite boundary, and ask where the common ground ends and the domain of the Church begins. What is the gate through which every one passes who enters the Church? Is it not the confession of subjection to Christ? Within that inclosure Christ is recognized as supreme. His word is law. His authority is paramount. His sovereignty is undisputed. The man who enters there pledges himself to honour Christ everywhere: and so long as he is where he can be recognized and understood as being loyal to Christ, everything is well. Now, with that thought in mind, pass to the other side, and where now do you find the world begin? It commences at the point where another than Christ is recognized and acknowledged as ruler. Call it fashion, or pleasure, or whatever else. The moment you pass into a place where, not Jesus, but another is recognized and reputed as the sovereign, you are guilty of conforming to the world. Wherever the world is acknowledged as ruler, there, even though in the abstract he might think the place indifferent, the Christian should not enter. Gesler's cap in the abstract was nothing at all—a mere thing of cloth and feathers; and, in the abstract, it was a small matter to bow to it: but bowing to that cap meant acknowledging allegiance to Austria, and William Tell showed his patriotism by refusing so to honour it. The question, therefore, is not whether in other circumstances the things done in

the world's inclosure might not be done by the Christian without sin, but whether he should do them there, where his doing of them is recognized as homage to the world. Whose flag is over a place of amusement? Whose image and superscription are on a custom or practice?

Christ's? or the world's? These are the testing questions. That which a Christian renounces when he makes confession of Christ is the supremacy of the world, and every time he goes where he is understood as acknowledging that, he is guilty of treason against the loyalty of Christ.—*Wm. M. Taylor, D.D.*

MIRRORS.

WE are mirrors. We cannot help being reflectors. We reflect in our characters every influence that touches our lives. I am introduced to you. You speak one sentence—I know that you are an Englishman, or an American, or a Spaniard. You are a combination of reflections. We become like those with whom we associate. Two boys in a University in England roomed together for eight years. Toward the end of that time these two boys were so much alike that it became remarkable. They had reflected and reflected until one was almost the image of the other. If you called on one, and found the other one in instead, you might talk to him on the same subjects and expect to receive the same answers that you would from the other. I once knew a girl who was growing so saintly that every one wondered. No one guessed her secret. She became very ill, and a dear friend of hers obtained permission to open a locket which she wore constantly about her neck. There she saw engraved on the inside of the locket the clew to the secret: "Whom having not seen we love." If we reflect the glory of the character of Christ, we shall be changed from glory to glory—that is, from character to character. *How* this is I cannot tell. Had Paul written in these times, he would probably have used the photograph instead of the mirror as a symbol. I cannot tell how the impalpable shadow which appears on the plate is fastened there—no one can. And I cannot tell how character is changed. We reflect Christ for a time, and then we are changed, and then we are changed again, and then again, and so on from glory to glory. First the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear, and after that it doth not yet appear what we shall be. Do you not see the infinite possibility of this? We are to go on and on. We are to be God's reflectors in this world.—*Prof. Henry Drummond.*

"EBEN-EZER."

How many years have you lived? Has God been very good to you, leading you day by day, protecting you by night; leading you in green pastures and beside still waters; or, because the way must needs be rough, helping you over all obstacles; because the waters of trial are about and around you, are they parted so that you can go through dry-shod? When you ask for daily bread, are there manna for your hunger and water for your thirst? Has He who clothed the lilies of the field with beauty, not clothed you? O ye of little faith! Are there falling all around you the showers of blessing? Are you thankful that the same loving care that forbids even a sparrow to fall to the ground without His knowledge has you in such keeping that not the slightest harm can come to you, that no trouble can assail, except as He wills?

When Samuel prayed unto God for help against the Philistines when they were about to go to battle, and the assistance was given so that the enemies were smitten before them, Samuel took a stone and set it up, and called it "Eben-ezer," saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

You may not have set up a "stone of help," but is there an Eben-ezer in your heart? And if God has helped you hitherto, is not the same assistance waiting for you in the future? There cannot be even a doubt of that, for even in such gentle tones as only the dear Lord knows how to use we hear the precious words: "Fear not, little flock; I am with you, even to the end of the world."—*Christian at Work.*

THE HEAVENLY GIFT.

"And it sat upon each of them," each one of the hundred and twenty, a part of whom were women, "and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."

This gift of languages, symbolized by the fiery, cloven tongues, may have represented the Trinity; there is nothing stated to the contrary. But however this may be, the heads were crowned, and the intellect set all ablaze. This fiery emblem of speech must have borne very great significance, and surely it is not, could not, have been that of silence. It was not silence that was needed; it was the tongue blazing forth the truth that must now, of necessity, be used to take the place

of all those outward symbols and types which, through the past ages, had been used in the worship of God.

For already had all these mystic ceremonies, the shadows of things to come, culminated in the perfect and complete fulfilment of the law in our Lord Jesus Christ. And the time had come when the world must be taught the knowledge of God and of Jesus as an atonement by *word of mouth*. Thus it was that the external teaching through the daily sacrifices having ceased, there must needs be a thrusting forward of both men and women who could boldly testify to the efficacy of the blood of Jesus in atoning for and cleansing from all sin. Thus it was that the life, death, and resurrection of our Lord must be made known through hearts filled with the fulness of the Spirit, and the earth opened to speak forth the wonderful things of God.

"My people are destroyed for want of knowledge," says the prophet. Not surely for lack of worldly knowledge. But the spiritual lack is the felt need of the Church.

We cannot speak as the Spirit shall give utterance without the giving up of self and the laying over of self into the hands of God, that He may work in us, to will and to do of His good pleasure: then can we work out that salvation which He works in, and not until then can we speak as the Spirit dictates. And let us remember that we are now living in the last days—the Holy Ghost dispensation. The promise made to us was also made to our children and to all them that are afar off, so that every one belonging to our Lord Jesus is included. Who of us will open the eye of faith and seek to remove the stumbling blocks out of the way, so that the glorious prophesy of Joel shall be fulfilled?—*Mrs. W. E. Boardman.*

TRUST.

God leads me; where, I cannot tell;
But this I know,
If I within His path do go
All will be well.

God leads me, led by His dear hand
I cannot fall,
I trust the One who knoweth all,
And so shall stand

God leads me, whether dark or bright
My path shall be,
He knows, dear Lord, I trust to Thee,
My Life and Light.

ROME WITHIN ROME.—“A KINGDOM DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.”

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, VENICE.

ITALY is at present in the unhappy condition of “a kingdom divided against itself.” Not only so, but this division forms part of its very constitution. By certain articles in the “Statuto” the Pope is placed outside the jurisdiction of the law, and contracts drawn up within the Vatican are considered not to have been made on Italian soil. Further, if the Pope and his cardinals went forth in state they could exact marks of recognition and homage, such as are accorded to the king and princes of the blood royal.

When this “Statuto” was drawn up no other arrangement was possible; but, of course, it was seen at the time that it would give rise to endless friction and dispute. Church and State, however, were willing to risk these, and each may have entertained the hope that ultimately the sole supremacy would be theirs. Since then both have steadily been working for this sovereignty, and especially so since the late Papal jubilee celebrations. Then the clerical party was marshalled in all its strength, and it declared openly for the restoration of the temporal power. The State accepted the challenge, and the conflict has waxed sharper every day, and must of necessity go on till one combatant or other “conquer in the strife.”

As, however, both parties represent interests outside Italy—the one that of constitutional liberty and government, the other that of the Roman Catholic Church throughout the world—and as the Pope has made a direct appeal to the subjects of the Papal See everywhere for sympathy and support, it becomes all Christians to take note of what is going on, and whilst, perhaps, holding themselves aloof from the strife, to seek through these struggles the advancement of truth and righteousness and of the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. In may be that opportunities for this work, such as are rarely met with, may be given to us, which we should not fail completely and continuously to embrace.

Many of the details of this politico-ecclesiastical struggle have little general interest, but quite recently events have marked it which we think are weighted with great significance, and to which it is well to have our attention specially directed. Of some of these we shall speak in this paper.

I. *The New Penal Code.* This code was passed by an overwhelming majority, in the Chamber of Deputies, on the 9th June. A large part of it deals with the relation of the State to the ministers of religion. The gist of the enactment is this: “Any minister of religion who shall, by writing, or by preaching, or by conversation in the confessional, or in the family, speak against the unity of the kingdom of Italy, or cause disturbance in the minds and consciences of the lieges, shall be liable to fine, imprisonment and dismissal from office.” It is to be noted that it does not say Roman Catholic priest, but “minister of religion,” so that it applies to all, Catholic and Protestant alike, who are in holy orders and who may act in the manner condemned. Some evangelical ministers have, therefore, been

afraid that this enactment might be used against them, if in their preaching of the truth they divide a household, through the conversion of one of its members, setting "the father against the son, and the son against the father, the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother." So much was this felt that some of them in Milan actually joined hands with the clericals in petitioning against it.

From inquiries that we personally made we learned that their fears were entirely groundless. The act does not touch the propagation of doctrine, whether true or false, and its legitimate results ; but teachings and persuasions that are directed towards material objects. For example : A rich woman is dying, and the priest brings influence to bear upon her to cause her to leave her possessions to the Church to the exclusion of the lawful heirs. Or a farmer buys from the State a piece of land or a house that once belonged to the Church, but which was confiscated, as many monastery lands and buildings have been, the priest tells him that he has acted wrongly, and demands the restoration of the property to the Church, on pain of the withholding of the privileges and consolations of the Church from him, his wife and family. These are the kind of abuses aimed at under the phrase "disturbing the minds and consciences of the lieges," and which must now cease. It is notorious that priests directly teach disloyalty from the pulpit, and in the confessional, and in their pastoral visitation. This Act, of course, is designed to put a stop to all that. It does not touch any minister in the performance of strictly spiritual offices, but its deals with him when he enters the sphere of politics and acts disloyally. It then deals with him, not in his capacity as a priest, but as a subject of the realm.

Signor Zanardelli, the minister of Grace, Justice and Public Worship, who introduced the measure, said : "The present state of legislation secures impunity to the clergy who have profited by it to attack the State in all kinds of ways. To permit such doings is to concede to the clergy the liberty of conspiring against the country. These precautions which we seek to take are strictly defensive, not offensive, against the Church. The State wishes to give equal liberty of conscience to all, but ought also to determine to keep undamaged its own prerogatives. It will always exercise great forbearance and gentleness toward the clergy, but it cannot renounce its patriotic rights and duties."

Other leading men spoke in the same strain, and when, in spite of an Encyclical from the Vatican threatening to excommunicate all who supported it, the Act was passed by a great majority, the people of Italy hailed it as an act of liberation, by sending up congratulatory addresses from many a city, town and village to the Chamber and to Signor Zanardelli.

II. *The Editor of the "Secolo" newspaper, publishing a popular edition of the Bible.* The *Secolo* is a daily paper published in Milan, and having a large circulation in the north and other parts of Italy. Its editor, Signor Sonzogno, has been in the habit of issuing from his publishing press, from time to time, good classical works in parts, at a cheap rate, so as to bring them within reach of the common people. In June last he announced his intention of thus bringing out the Bible. The edition would be that of Martini, with his notes in full. It would be printed on folio paper, of good quality, and would be issued in halfpenny parts, each one of which would

contain six or eight good illustrations. In recommending the Bible to the people of Italy, not from the standpoint of the Christian, but from that of the *litterateur*, he says: "There is a book that gathers up the poetry and the science of humanity, that book is the Bible, with which no book in any literature can be compared. It is the Book of books. No work has ever had its importance in the history of literature, and in giving an impulse to human intelligence. No book so merits to be an object of profound study. It is a book necessary for the culture of every class, and it ought to be found in every house." Then he hazards a prophecy that "this artistic, useful and popular edition, the first of its kind in Italy, is destined to have an extraordinary success only equalled by the miracle of its cheapness."

We have before us all the parts of this wonderful newspaper Bible as yet issued, and we have also a letter from the Editor himself, in which he very kindly gives us some very interesting facts about it; and no matter from what point of view we look at it, it seems to us a matter of great importance, and one that may tell mightily in the present Church and State struggle. For example, the edition chosen is remarkable. It is, as we have said, that of "Martini," the only one not put in the Index by the Propaganda; thus the Church cannot forbid its circulation without stultifying itself. Again, coming on the back of the Penal Code, the people are defended in their rights to possess and read it. Its beautiful illustrations, large type, and low price, bring it within the reach of all. It being issued in parts recommends its sale, one can part with a cent when they would not, or could not with a dollar.

The fact that a newspaper editor issues it is also remarkable. He has it within his power to place it on every newspaper-kiosque, at every railway and street corner throughout the kingdom, so that all may see it and secure it. This is what Signor Sonzogno has done, and in the letter he has sent us he says virtually his prophecy is fulfilled. "The Italian public," he writes, "has received with true favour my edition of the Bible, and it is being bought, not only in the greater cities, but also in the villages, whilst orders come for it from Switzerland, France, England and elsewhere. I have printed already fifty thousand copies;" and then lastly, there is the recommendation that this is a paying speculation. Hitherto the Bible has been circulated at the expense of England or America, and has been often little valued by those who have received it without paying for it, now the purchaser will prize it, and Signor Sonzogno is compensated for the labour which he has put upon it, in the same way that he is paid for the labour he puts upon other books.

The press of England has welcomed this enterprise, and expects that it will serve the political as well as religious good of Italy. The only press that views it with distrust and depreciates it in its pages is that of the Evangelical Churches of Italy. It is difficult to understand this action. We are all aware that Martini's edition of the Bible has its faults, but surely that edition in the hands of the people is better than none, and its circulation affords native Protestant pastors an opportunity of exposing its errors, and so rousing in the minds of the Italians a desire for a better.

III. *A Monument in Venice to Fra Paolo Sarpi.* The claims of the Vatican, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, to the temporal power found no stronger opponent than the learned and able monk, Fra Paolo

Sarpi. By speech and writing he secured to the Venetian Republic freedom from Papal domination. We all know how, returning to his monastery in the north-west part of Venice, one dark night in October, 1607, he was set upon by two masked men and stabbed, one leaving his stiletto in the monk's body; and how dark suspicion fell upon the Vatican, which suspicion documents afterwards discovered, and now preserved in the archives of Venice, confirmed. The clerical party were shown to have been responsible, both for the attempted assassination and the escape of the culprits from the hands of justice. Happily Fra Paolo Sarpi recovered, and lived for sixteen years longer.

Soon after his death, in 1623, the Republic decreed that a monument should be erected in Venice to his memory, as a great defender of popular liberty and right, which he in part sealed with his blood. The Vatican took various means of opposing the execution of this decree, and were successful. From that day to this the only record that the visitor to Venice can find of Fra Paolo Sarpi is his name on a flagstone that marks his grave in front of the church of San Michele, on the island of that name, which is the cemetery of Venice. A dozen or sixteen years ago, however, the question of the monument was revived. A committee was appointed in Venice to see to it. An appeal was made throughout Italy and beyond it for funds. About one thousand pounds were raised. But here the matter ended. The Vatican put forth all its energies, and successfully opposed the granting of a site.

From year to year the struggle has gone on, victory being always on the side of the clericals. Towards the end of last June, however, fresh elections took place. The Liberals were returned in overwhelming majorities, and almost the first act of the combined Communal and City Councils of Venice was to take up the Fra Paolo Sarpi monument question and settle it, by sanctioning the erection of a suitable monument, and granting for this a free site. The spot chosen is most suitable, as it is in the Campo Santa Foscala, near the ruined Church of the Servi and the spot where his attempted assassination took place.

This act of these councillors of Venice may be in itself little, but it has an historical interest, and will have a not unimportant bearing on the present Church and State struggle, for it is thought that it will directly hasten the erection of another monument, opposed still more bitterly, if possible, by the Vatican, namely, that proposed to be raised to him whose death lies at the door of the Papal party, Giordano Bruno, in Rome.

Other events in this struggle we might note, as for example, the proposal to consider contracts formed in the Vatican as drawn up in Italy; the decision in the famous libel case just settled in Milan, when the promoters of an organ of the Clerical Party, the *Osservatore Cattolico*, were condemned to heavy fines, and one of its editors to imprisonment for articles written against the Liberal priest and professor, Don Antonio Stoppani; or we might say something about the recent Encyclical of the Pope, in which he says: "My residence in Rome is becoming insupportable," and in which he appeals for foreign help against his enemies. But perhaps enough has been said to show both the nature of the struggle and the direction in which it is tending. Italy is shaking herself free from priestly domination. She is panting after something better than the Church of Rome can give

her. She wants solid truth. She wants the Bible and a Church within which she may enjoy liberty, "even that liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free." We Protestant Christians, both at home and abroad, may do much to help her to the realization of these things.

PALAZZO DA REI,

TRAGHETTO SAN GREGORIO, GRAND CANAL,

VENICE, 4th Sept., 1888.

AT LAST.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou, who hast made my house of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father! let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble room among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing
I fain would learn the new and holy song;
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

AN HISTORIC CHURCH.*

THE closing services of the St. James' Street Church, Montreal, on Sunday, June 3rd, were naturally full of interest, not only to Methodists, but to the whole Protestant population of Canada.

It is a certain fact that with this church disappeared one of the best known and most remarkable Protestant churches in the Dominion. Its walls have resounded with the eloquence of many of the most gifted men of the past and present generation.

Dr. Robert Alder, the greatest English expositor of Christian missions; Dr. James Dixon, the most profound and philosophic preacher of his times; Dr. Matthew Richey, the Cicero of earlier Methodism; Dr. Egerton Ryerson, the father of education in Ontario; Dr. Alex. Duff, the prince of Indian missionaries; Dr. Butler, a founder of Indian and Mexican missions; Dr. Jessup, the great Syrian missionary; Dr. Joseph Parker, of London City Temple; Dr. Newman Hall; Bishop Taylor, who has planted missions in South America and India, and is now the leader in founding missions along the Congo; Bishop Thomson, the Chrysostom of the American Methodist Church; Dr. W. Morley Punshon, brilliant and beautiful; Dr. Sargent, a son of the Sunny South; Henry Ward Beecher, the peerless preacher of his age; William Arthur, author of "The Tongue of Fire;" Dr. John McLeod, the enthusiastic pastor of the American Presbyterian Church; Bishop James, the apostle of itinerancy; Bishop Robert Foster, who encompassed the world in his missions; Dr. Palmer, the eminent



FIRST METHODIST CHURCH, 1807.

presbyter of New Orleans; Dr. Joseph Cook, of Boston; Dr. Thos. Guard, who was, perhaps, unrivalled in this whole galaxy. This list conveys only an idea of the brilliant array that have illuminated the old church with their rare thought and surpassing eloquence.

Uncounted thousands upon thousands have listened to the truth of the Gospel in this Church. Many thousands have been converted under the revival labours of Caughey, Taylor, Hammond and Moody, and also as the result of the ministries of the faithful pastors who have served the church, many of whom have gone to enrich the heavens.

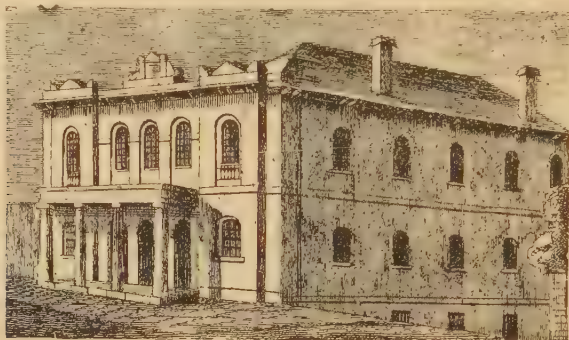
The benevolent and Christian design of the band of noble men who constituted the original board of trustees has been realized in making the church not an edifice rigorously guarded for the advantage of any single sect, but a church whose portals have been opened for the advocacy of every spiritual interest identified with humanity.

It is a singular and solemn coincidence that with the death of the Hon. James Ferrier, the last of the original board of trustees connected with this church disappears from earth.

* Abridged from the *Montreal Witness*.

According to Moister, the mission historian, Methodism was introduced into Canada by a soldier in King George's army named Tuffey, who with his fellow-soldiers held the first

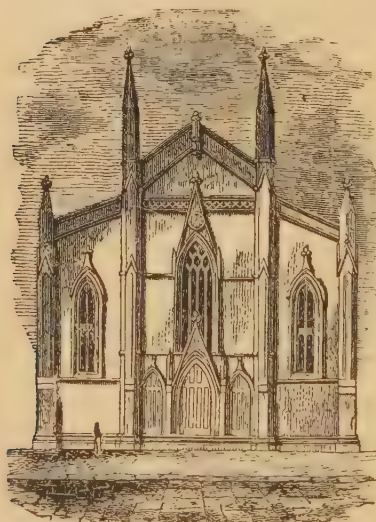
visit, and organized the first class-meeting. In the following year Mr. Samuel Mervin was appointed the first resident minister, the membership at that time being 19. It was



SECOND METHODIST CHURCH, 1821.

Methodist service in the city of Quebec in 1780. The first Methodist society was formed in Upper Canada in 1791, by Mr. Wm. Losee, where a few years before it had been

not until 1808 that the society had secured a regular preaching place. In the previous year a site on St. Joseph (now St. Sulpice) Street, was selected, and the first Methodist church in Montreal was built. In 1811 this building was sold as a news-room, and was subsequently transferred to the authorities of the French parish church, and still stands, being now used as the business office of the Fabrique.



ST. JAMES' ST. CHURCH, 1845.

preached by a zealous Irish local preacher, Mr. George Neal.

Methodism in Montreal cannot be traced further back than 1802, when Mr. Joseph Sawyer paid a passing

The war of 1812 and 1814 led to the recall of the American ministers, who up to this time had been the sole occupants of the field, and their places were supplied with missionaries from England, the pioneers being Richard Williams and Joseph B. Strong, who were the first Wesleyan ministers to settle in Montreal. In the year 1820 the American ministers finally withdrew.

The year 1819 is memorable for being the first in which a missionary meeting was held in a Methodist church in Montreal, the contributions amounting to £22. The church being too small, the meeting was held in the St. Gabriel Church, which was lent for the occasion.

This led to the erection of a new building in 1821, at the corner of St. James' and St. François Xavier Streets, at a cost of £6,000. This church was described by Bosworth,

in his *Hochelaga Depicta*, as a cut-stone building. The architecture was the Grecian-Doric order, with a portico corresponding. It was galleried all round, and had a fine organ. It was justly considered as one of the most beautiful edifices of its kind in the city. This building was the home of Montreal Methodism for twenty-five years; the membership in that time increased from 119 to 770.

In the year 1844 it was felt that there was urgent need for a larger building, and active steps were taken to erect one, resulting in the con-

used on both occasions. The church was opened for public worship on July 27th, 1846. The Rev. D. Ritchie preached the dedicatory sermon—the Governor-General (Lord Metcalfe) being present in state. This church cost £13,000. Its dimensions are 111 x 73 feet.

After forty-two years its last days came, and its congregation have nearly completed their new building on St. Catharine Street. They will again worship in the grandest building in the whole Methodist connexion, and one of the grandest of all denominations in the Dominion.



NEW METHODIST CHURCH, ST. CATHARINE STREET, 1887.

struction of the time-honoured temple, which long stood the largest Methodist church in the city. The ceremony of laying the corner-stone is remembered to this day; the most notable feature being a grand procession of officers and members, marshalled by Messrs. John Spratson and James L. Mathewson, from the old church to the place where the ceremony was performed. The stone was laid by the late Hon. James Ferrier—who last year, 42 years later—laid the corner-stone of the new and grander edifice on St. Catharine Street, now approaching completion; the same mallet was

These are the dimensions of the new building:—Length from north to south, 253 feet; width of transepts, 106 feet; height of great tower, 200 feet; height of second tower, 140 feet; height of church proper, from ground to apex of roof, 92 feet.

Seating accommodation will be provided for 2,500, and the school-room behind will hold 1,000 persons. The cost, including land and organ, is estimated at over \$250,000.

The corner-stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies by the late Mr. Ferrier, on Saturday, 11th June, when addresses were delivered by the pastor, the Rev. John Philp, M.A.,

who presided; the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, of London, England; the Rev. Dr. Shaw, the Rev. Dr. Antliff, and the Rev. James Henderson.

Of the Rev. Hugh Johnston's sermon on "In Memoriam of the late Senator Ferrier," we have given an outline in this MAGAZINE.

In the evening there was a very large congregation gathered to hear the Rev. Dr. Potts—formerly, like Mr. Johnston, a pastor of the church, and now the chief representative of Methodist educational institutions.

His text was in the words of David: "Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwells." In eloquent words he showed the appropriateness of this description to our places of worship of all denominations, and he uttered a warning voice against the two extremes of superstition and irreverence in the Lord's house. Of that old church in St. James' Street, he said there was no other church in Canada that had such a record of fruitfulness.

SOME AMERICAN SUMMER RESORTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN fulfilment of certain lecturing engagements, I had occasion during the summer to visit several American Sunday-school and Chautauqua Assemblies. I purpose giving some brief impressions of those visits. These assemblies have now become very numerous in the States, and are a recognized part of social and religious life. Under the high pressure of modern life they are becoming increasingly a necessity. The o'er-strung bow will soonest break. The eager toilers in life's busy hives need occasionally to turn aside into a quiet place and rest awhile. It is wise, therefore, that provision be made for rest and recreation under the safeguards and restraints of Christian auspices and control, and free from the demoralizing influences which too often abound amid the dissipations and excitements of the resorts of fashion.

The first of these assemblies that I visited was that at William's Grove, Pennsylvania—a delightful spot on the Cumberland Valley Railroad, a few miles from the city of Harrisburg. I made a slight *détour* on the way to visit Cornell University. The University buildings occupy a magnificent position on an eminence rising 400 feet from the shores of Lake Cayuga, and commanding a noble prospect of the winding lake

and of the engirdling hills sweeping up to the far horizon, green and golden with the ripening harvest, beneath the bluest of skies, reflected in the bluest of waters. Deep ravines, similar in character to the famous Watkin's Glen, bound the grounds on either side. The many college buildings, museums, club houses, and professors' residences—the latter of quaint Queen Anne architecture—are distributed over the broad *campus* of nearly 300 acres in very effective groups. In the exquisite gem of a chapel is a marble effigy of Ezra Cornell, the poor Ithaca boy, who finds in this University his noblest monument, and by his generous gifts has won for himself a place beside those historic promoters of learning, Lorenzo il Magnifico, William of Wykeham and John Harvard. This University will be in the near future one of the most richly endowed in the world. Besides its philological and science courses it gives instruction in agriculture and civil, mechanical and electrical engineering and the mechanical arts, with well-equipped laboratories, workshops, museums and libraries. Chancellor Burwash did well to visit Cornell, Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and other universities for "pointers" as to the development of our own university. Cornell has as yet

almost none of the mellow atmosphere of college traditions that we find at Yale and older institutions, but all that will come in due time. I was pleased to note the grateful honour in which our learned townsman, Professor Goldwin Smith, who has been such a generous patron of Cornell and is one of its lecturers, is held. His portrait occupies an honoured place on the walls and his name is mentioned with the highest admiration.

Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, is a quaint old city on the banks of the Susquehanna, here a broad and noble stream, and surrounded by magnificent scenery. The State House is a massive old-fashioned brick building, on a beautifully laid-out knoll in the centre of the city. Its very quaintness and historic associations have a charm that a more pretentious modern structure would not possess. On the river-front are many elegant residences, including that of the Governor of the State. Near by is the trunk of the identical tree to which John Harris, the founder of the city, was bound by the Indians who were about to burn him to death when he was providentially rescued from their hands. My kind and accomplished hostess was a descendant of the sturdy old pioneer. I had the pleasure of preaching twice in the large and handsome First Methodist Church, whose religious life and vigour were a genuine type of old-fashioned Methodism.

William's Grove is a charming rural retreat, a few miles' ride up the fair and fertile Cumberland Valley. A characteristic feature of this part of Pennsylvania is the immense barns, sometimes of brick, with many symmetrical perforations in the walls; more frequently of wood, with a great overhanging upper story, beneath which the cattle seek refuge from the rain. The Sunday-school assembly, under the management of Mr. C. B. Niesly, was very successful both in attendance and in sustained interest of programme. Not to mention many others, Dr. Henson, of Chicago, is one of the

brightest, wisest, and wittiest lecturers I ever heard.

It is a short ride by rail to the world-famous battle-field of Gettysburg. A three hours' drive over this scene of slaughter gave me a more vivid idea of what a great battle is than I ever had before. The bloody strife extended over twenty-five square miles, but was most severe on the Cemetery and Seminary Ridges and the broad valley between. Beneath, lay the wheat-field where the "red rain made the harvest grow," and where the Confederates piled up the bodies of their slain comrades as a bulwark against the foe. In the "Valley of death" and the "Devil's Den," every crag and cranny, after the battle, was filled with the reeking trophies of the sharpshooter's rifle. After the deadliest artillery duel of modern times—the roar of 300 cannon shaking the earth—Lee's battalions debouched across the plain only to be mown down in great swathes and windrows by the scythe of Death. Yet the columns pressed on and engaged in hand-to-hand wrestle for the possession of the field. For three long days the deadly conflict waged, when, after prodigies of valour in which three-fourths of some of the commands were cut to pieces, Lee's decimated battalions retreated through a gap in the blue hills to Virginia. Over two hundred monuments have been erected on the field where

"The earth was covered thick with clay
Which her own clay has covered,
heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe, in one
red burial blent."

But a few days before my visit some 20,000 of the survivors of that bloody fray—the veterans of either army—held a peaceful reunion on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle, and bivouacked for a week together. The world has never seen a nobler spectacle of magnanimity and reconciliation.

At William's Grove I met the Rev. Dr. Harman, author of the "Introduction to the Study of the Scrip-

tures," which has just passed through its fourth edition. He invited me to pay him a visit at Dickenson College, Carlisle, where he is professor of Greek and Hebrew. Dickenson is the oldest Methodist College in the country, and one of the oldest of any denomination, having been originally founded in 1783. The original buildings are very quaint, the recent ones very elegant. I would like to see a similar group on the *campus* of our new Victoria. Words cannot express the cordiality of the good Doctor's hospitality and that of other members of the Faculty whom I had the pleasure of meeting. The return trip, passing the pleasant towns of Sunbury and Williamsport, and threading the wild and lonely valley of the west branch of the Susquehanna, begirt with solemn hills, and down the headwaters of the Alleghany, was one of romantic interest.

My second trip led me farther afield. I took the Erie and Lehigh Valley route to Philadelphia. The bold ascent of the Alleghanies from Wilkesbarre gives commanding outlooks. The road winds five-and-twenty miles to make five miles direct progress. The view of the far-spreading valley of Wyoming, and the silver winding Susquehanna, with its memories of Campbell's Gertrude and Outalissi, presents a picture long to be remembered.

From Philadelphia I rode without stop through Baltimore and Washington to Mountain Lake Park in Western Maryland, over the famous "B. and O." Railway—a distance of about 400 miles in ten hours. The magnificent scenery of the Potomac Valley, with the stirring memories of Harper's Ferry, have been recently described in this Magazine. The ascent of the Alleghanies through wild mountain passes, where it would seem impossible to construct a road at all, is a very bold and striking piece of engineering—the glimpses of mountain glory and mountain gloom, of deep defile and towering hills, impress one with the majesty of Nature and the littleness of man. "How

ever was that corn planted on the steep hill slope?" inquired a lady. "It must have been fired from a shotgun," was the reply.

Here, on the summit of the Alleghanies, 2,000 feet above the sea, a Chautauqua Assembly and summer resort has been established for the fugitives from the sweltering cities of Baltimore and Washington. Here is an ideal community occupying some two hundred wide-verandaed houses on a spacious area of 800 acres, enjoying an edifying, interesting and instructive programme of religious services, lectures and intellectual entertainments. It seemed almost a veritable Mount of Transfiguration, above the world with its heats and its worries. One seemed to breathe an atmosphere of radiant purity and exhilaration and of moral elevation akin to that of heaven. The promoters of such assemblies, in thus providing for the families of their churches a summer home where they may acquire at the same time physical invigoration and moral inspiration, are doing a noble work for God and man. The Rev. Dr. Baldwin, of Washington, is an admirable host and conductor.

After fulfilling my engagements and enjoying an all too brief stay on this Mount of Vision, I resumed the "B. and O.," *en route* for Cincinnati. The finest scenery is that descending the mountain. The view of the tremendous gorge of the Cheat River, with its environment of lofty hills, is one that dwells forever in the memory as a vision of delight. The conductor kindly stopped the train—I had taken an accommodation train in the hope that he would—that a company of ladies and myself might go to the edge of Buckhorn Wall and look down into the profound abyss. The sunset light was dying on the surrounding hills, the twilight was filling the valleys, as a beaker is filled with wine. The winding river gleamed like a mirror far below, the shadows gathered over mountain and valley, and a solemn awe filled the soul.

I stopped over night at the little town of Grafton, in West Virginia, the steepest-streeted, worst-paved

place I have seen in America, where the summer torrents from the surrounding hills make the streets like the dry bed of a river.

It is a good day's ride from Grafton to Cincinnati through the picturesque hilly region of Western Virginia, crossing the broad Ohio by a high-level bridge at Parkersburg, and traversing the undulating cornfields of Eastern Ohio. Cincinnati occupies a superb position on three successive terraces, sloping up from the Ohio River. The first terrace is occupied by the great shipping houses and railroads; the second by business and residential streets; the third, about 500 feet above the river, by elegant suburbs and handsome villas. These heights are gained by inclined planes, up some of which even horse cars are drawn on a moving platform. The public park, with its noble art gallery and the suburban drives are very attractive; the outlooks over the far-winding Ohio, with its great bridges and the fertile Kentucky hills in the distance, and over the city at one's feet, are superb—or would be, if it were not for the dense clouds of coal-smoke which darken the air.

Cincinnati has about 100,000 Germans, whose influence is seen in the German signs, churches, breweries, and beer halls, and in the lack of observance of the Sabbath. The region known as "over the Rhine" is more like a section of Dresden or Berlin, than like an American city. The chief attraction at the time of my visit was the Centennial Exhibition of the settlement of the Ohio Valley. This was extremely interesting and instructive. Vast buildings were constructed, in which all manner of industries were in progress and their products were exhibited. The Art Department had some noble canvasses; the most notable of these was Benjamin Constant's famous painting, "The Court of Justinian"—a marvel of colour and technique. A curious feature of the exhibition was a long section of the canal, which was roofed over, on which plied half a dozen Venetian gondolas. Frequently a prosaic canal boat drawn by mules brought

into sharp contrast the poetic gondola and the clumsy freight barge. The illumination of the Exhibition Square with thousands of coloured lamps was like a scene in fairyland.

Taking the great trunk Southern line—the Louisville and Nashville Railway—and traversing all day the corn and tobacco fields of Kentucky and Tennessee, I reached Nashville—a city beautiful for situation, and giving evidence of an energy and enterprise characteristic of the New South. "Our brother in black" lends a picturesque aspect to any country in which he lives. The quaint little cabins with their mud-and-stick outside chimneys, the swarms of half-clad Negro children around the doors, the lounging men standing motionless like so many black bronzes in the blazing sun, the sudden exhibition of vivacity when two or three acquaintances meet, the bursts of laughter long and loud over some very small joke—these and many other curious traits, give a keen zest to travel in the South. The Negroes are very fond of the regalia and decorations of secret societies—such as the Sons of Jacob, the Daughters of Rachel, and the like. The exhibitions of this trait were very amusing. They can be wonderfully polite when they try. A lot of them came to the train to take leave of a wedding party, and a hilarious group they were. The bride and groom, in gay bonnet and silk hat, were not half as much at ease as some of their ragged friends on the platform. One scarecrow of a fellow took off his fragment of a hat as the train moved off with all the grace of a Chesterfield. For "looped and windowed-raggedness" some specimens I saw I think would outdo the world. They can give and take a joke very well. "Go way from dar," said one to another, "you darken de very sun."

My objective point was Monteagle Assembly on the Cumberland mountains in Eastern Tennessee. The train climbed higher and higher amid the magnificent scenery, till we reached an altitude of 2,000 feet above the sea. Here on this mountain top, with its pure air and cool breezes, a very successful Southern

Chautauqua and Sunday-school Assembly has been established, and is admirably conducted by the Rev. Mr. Duncan. This is the region made classic by Miss Murfree, better known as "Charles Egbert Craddock," in her admirable stories of life in the Tennessee mountains, to which we refer elsewhere. She describes their types of character and scenery with photographic fidelity, even to the elusive atmospheric effects and play of light and shade on mountain and valley. Close to the Assembly grounds is one of these beautiful "coves," as they are locally called, lying a thousand feet below the eye and surrounded by steep slopes which at times rise in overhanging crags. The rank luxuriance of the foliage—chestnut, tulip, laurel, and many trees unfamiliar to Northern eyes—was full of interest. Some of these trees are completely festooned and almost strangled by muscadine grape vines, or by a dense growth of ivy.

It was a rare delight to lie on "Table Rock" overhanging the valley, and to watch the evanescent phases of sunlight and shadow on field and forest far below. Through a translucent veil softly gleamed the purple outline of the distant hills, and as the sun sank in the west its level rays flooded the valley with a golden radiance that transfigured and glorified the landscape.

These lonely coves were formerly the haunts of "moonshiners" or illicit distillers, so graphically described by Miss Murfree. Indeed, within six or seven years one of them was shot by the revenue officers quite near the Assembly grounds. "And a mighty smart man he wuz," said one of the natives in recounting the story. "A right, smart feller; he wuz jest a runnin' when the officers hollered 'halt,' but he wuz too skeart to stop, so they jest dropped him in his tracks; caused a heap o' trouble, it did."

This honest mountaineer was giving daily sittings as a model to a young lady artist—the hardest work he ever did, he said, "he would rather work all day long than sit cramped up indoors for two mortal

hours." The young artist was an enthusiast in her delightful profession. Her sketch-book was filled with charming "bits." Her sketches of children, caught "on the fly" were of extraordinary merit. I predict for her distinguished success as a figure painter. She was quite a philosopher withal. In an after-dinner discussion with the Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald, of the Nashville *Christian Advocate*, on the comparative effect of music, odours and colours on the moral sensibilities, the young lady argued that the effect was purely sensuous, and the Doctor, that the effect depends upon the moral condition of the subject.

It was my good fortune to be billeted with the genial Doctor in "Sam Jones' Cottage"—a comfortable three-roomed house, with a huge stone chimney, which served to anchor it safely down in the wildest mountain storms. One of these occurred during my visit. The coloured girl who "made up" my room was frightened nearly out of her life. "If any one ever heard me pray," she said, "they might have heard me last night. I'm a good Christian, but I tell ye, I prayed. Between the thunder and the lightning and the wind and rain it seemed as if the Judgment Day wuz jest atop o' the roof o' the tent."

I had an idea that in Canada, especially in Ontario, Methodism was about as strong relatively as any where. But I found that Tennessee "beat the record." In this State, 400 miles long and 150 miles wide, I learned that the Methodists outnumbered all the other denominations together, including the Roman Catholics. In some large districts every family is Methodist. A good Baptist lady whom I met, said, "The Methodists want the earth." "Yes," said her husband, "and they are getting it—as they deserve to."

A charming feature of this, as of all the summer resorts I visited, was its broad and catholic interdenominational character. I had, too, the pleasure of getting an inside view of Southern life such as the chance tourist fails to find. I met numbers of the best people from the Carolinas,

Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas and other States; and greater Christian courtesy and kindness I never received. I left the Assembly rich in friendships, which I hope may be perpetuated on earth and consummated in heaven.

I made the distance from Mont-eagle to Cincinnati—over 400 miles—in a day, taking the famous “Cannon Ball” train on the Louisville and Nashville road. Next day I crossed Central Ohio, passing through Columbus, the thriving capital of the State. I purposed reaching Pittsburg, but floods on the Ohio had caused such “wash outs” that I had to diverge at Wheeling, Virginia, and return east on the picturesque line of the “B. and O.” The crossing of the Ohio at Wheeling is very striking—the high hills, bold shores, rapid river, and busy towns on either side.

I had a few hours to spare in Washington, and paid a visit to the Capitol, where the House of Representatives was in session. And a most disorderly and undignified assembly it was. Honourable members were lounging about with their hats on, smoking and chewing tobacco. A member moved to adjourn. Another demanded the ayes and noes. The clerk counted hands to see if there were enough to warrant the proceeding, then the roll was called and ayes and noes counted. Then these were called again to see if they were correct. The House, by a majority of two, decided that it would not adjourn. Then it was discovered that there was not a quorum, and on motion the House at last got itself adjourned.

The view from the dome of the Capitol over the winding Potomac, the richly-foliaged parks and squares and the noble public buildings was, in the mellow afternoon light, extremely fine. Washington has a grandiose air worthy of a capital of a great country. As I left it in the evening the sunset light flooded the broad Pennsylvania avenue like a tide of gold, and soon the silhouette of the dome of the Capitol was sharply defined against the saffron sky.

Baltimore, the City of Monuments, and Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, present many attractions over which I cannot delay. In old Independence Hall and Carpenter's Hall one comes near the very foundations of empire. These quaint eighteenth-century structures, with the red brick, white-shuttered, small-paned houses by which they are surrounded, present a strange contrast to the stately modern marble blocks, and to the strange apparition of the cable cars running rapidly through the crowded streets without any visible mode of propulsion. Through an opening in the wall of an old graveyard one may read on a flat slab the legend :

BENJAMIN	}	FRANKLIN.
AND		
DEBORAH		

Near by is Penn's old house and Washington's old church. The memory of these founders of a great commonwealth, haunts the quaint old squares and streets, and upon the institutions of the nation their spirit is indelibly impressed.

AN EVENING HYMN.

ALONE ! yet never lonely,
 For Thou, O Lord, art here,
 With Thy still presence only,
 I may not, cannot fear.
 My guard, I need no other
 Throughout night-watches long—
 Not even is a mother
 So tireless and so strong.

Lord, Jesus, what shall harm me
 In darkness or by day ?
 Why Death itself alarm me,
 Since Thou wilt with me stay ?
 From Thee no power shall sever,
 I sleep, Lord, on Thy breast,
 And here, or hence forever,
 I waken—to be blest !

OUR PROGRAMME FOR 1889.

THE only adverse criticism that we have heard of this MAGAZINE is that there is not enough of it. Our patrons get through with it too soon, and, like *Oliver Twist*, ask for more. We have endeavoured to meet this want by printing a considerable part of it, sometimes nearly forty pages, in small type. The Book Steward, with his characteristic enterprise and energy, enables us to make a new departure. The whole of the text now set in large type, known as "Small Pica," will henceforth be set in "Long Primer," a clear, legible type, such as is used in *Harper's, The Century, Scribner's*, and, indeed, in nearly all the magazines. This will enable us to give, for the same low price, a considerably increased amount of reading matter, and a greater variety of articles.

The illustrated articles will be more numerous and more attractive than ever. In addition to a serial story of intense interest, there will be a number of short stories by such writers as the late Rev. E. P. Roe, "Saxe Holm," Robert Louis Stephenson, Mrs. A. E. Barr, Mark Guy Pearse, and others of the best writers in the English language. Nor shall more grave and important subjects be overlooked. In every number shall be at least one solid article which will furnish food for the most thoughtful. At the same time the steadily increasing and healthy circulation of the MAGAZINE shows that the policy of making it interesting, instructive and religiously edifying to all classes meets with the approval of our patrons and friends, from whom many kind and cordial congratulations and God-speeds, have been received. We can only indicate, in part, some of the special features of interest of the forthcoming volumes—XXIX. and XXX.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

The very attractive "VAGABOND

VIGNETTES; or, SKETCHES OF RECENT TRAVEL IN BIBLE LANDS," by the Rev. George Bond, M.A., will be a conspicuous feature. These, and other articles on Egypt, Palestine and the Levant, which it was found impossible to conclude in the current volume, will be illustrated by over one hundred fine engravings of Biblical scenes and subjects. Among the other illustrated articles will be: "THE MONASTERIES OF MOUNT ATHOS;" "A LIFE-SKETCH OF LADY BRASSEY;" "THE SALT MINES OF AUSTRIA;" "HOME-LIFE IN HOLLAND;" "ON THE LA PLATA" and "RECENT PROGRESS IN BUENOS AYRES;" "THE WONDERS OF THE YOSEMITE," and the "RIVER SAGUENAY," by the Rev. Hugh Johnston, B.D.; "MISSION LIFE AND LABOUR IN CHINA;" the "ROUND ABOUT ENGLAND PAPERS," will be continued, as also "HERE AND THERE IN EUROPE," with pictures of many of the most interesting and important scenes and cities in France, Spain, Italy, Holland and Belgium; "MORE IRISH PICTURES;" "ON THE YOUGHIOGHENY," and many other illustrated articles.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Contributions may also be expected from both the General Superintendents, on subjects to be hereafter announced; "THE UNCHURCHED CLASSES," and "COUNT TOLSTOI'S RELIGION," by the Rev. Dr. Stafford; "RECOLLECTIONS OF TORONTO METHODISM," by the Hon. Senator Macdonald; "IMPRESSIONS OF A RECENT VISIT TO GREAT BRITAIN," by the Rev. Dr. Stewart; "AN UNDERGROUND CITY," by the Rev. A. W. Nicolson; "THE DORE GALLERY," by the Rev. D. Moore, M.A.; "ETCHINGS FROM SHAKESPEARE," by the Rev. S. P. Dunn. The Rev. W. C. Blackstock will give his impressions of those curious appendages of Great Britain, "THE

CHANNEL ISLANDS," where he recently spent some months.

REPRINT ARTICLES.

A selection of the most important articles of the British press will be presented, as "THE BATTLE OF BELIEF," by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone; Archdeacon Farrar on "THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC;" the Rev. William Arthur on "INDIAN MISSIONS," and other articles by the foremost living writers. With such an announcement, and with the increased capacity and variety of the MAGAZINE, we respectfully solicit the hearty co-operation of the Min-

isters in extending the circulation of this MAGAZINE at a ratio which has never yet been attained

PREMIUMS.

Each subscriber (old or new) of either *Guardian* or MAGAZINE may obtain one or more Choice Premiums at very low prices. These are works of the highest excellence, and their cheapness affords our subscribers an opportunity of securing for themselves and families pure and wholesome literature at prices, in many cases, below the actual cost of publication. See list in *Guardian* or send for copy.

Current Topics and Events.

UNIVERSITY FEDERATION.

THE result of the recent joint meeting of the Board of Regents of Victoria University and the General Conference Advisory Board cannot fail to be very gratifying to the advocates of University Federation. The question at issue now is not at all the subject of Federation *per se*, but the best method of carrying out the instructions of the General Conference for the accomplishment of that Federation as promptly as possible. We think it highly encouraging, in view of the uncertainty with which the whole question has been invested, that nearly \$200,000 has been subscribed, with the good prospect that the remainder will be speedily pledged, now that all uncertainty on the subject has been removed. The decision of both the Board of Regents and the Joint Committee, that the buildings in Queen's Park be proceeded with next spring, provided that \$100,000 be paid in by the first of May next, places the issue plainly before the Church. Every effort must now be bent to the securing that amount. The time is short. The amount is large; but not larger than the friends of Victoria can raise if they will only unite their energies for that purpose.

We believe this to be the supreme crisis in the history of the University. If for any cause this tide in its affairs be not taken at its flood, then we believe, "the voyage of its life is bound in shallows and in miseries." For it is our firm conviction that no such advantageous junction of affairs can ever come again in its history. It would take a much larger sum of money to make adequate provision for a first-class University—and the Methodist Church of this land will not be content with any second or third-rate University—as an independent institution, either at Cobourg or elsewhere, than it will to form a constituent part of what is destined to be one of the foremost Universities of this continent. If the money necessary for the latter purpose cannot be obtained, then we feel confident *a fortiori* that the much larger sum cannot be obtained for what seems to us a less desirable object. The apportionment which has been loyally accepted by several of the Conferences, and which, we believe, will be loyally accepted by the others, is quite within the reach of the Church. Now with a long pull, and a strong pull, and, above all, with a pull altogether, this great educational movement may be crowned with complete success.

THE PARIS WORLD'S EXHIBITION OF 1889.

The year 1889, which will be the one hundredth anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille, from which the French Republic dates its history, will be celebrated by a world's fair in Paris—an international exhibition of industries and arts, which will be probably the most magnificent and extensive ever held. It will have several features new to such exhibitions. One of the most remarkable of these will be the Eiffel Tower, a gigantic structure of tapering trestle-work, shown in our cut, which will reach a height of a thousand feet, and to whose summit passengers will ascend by means of an elevator. This enormous structure will be by far the tallest that has ever been erected by man, and will command a magnificent view of the pleasure-city at its feet.

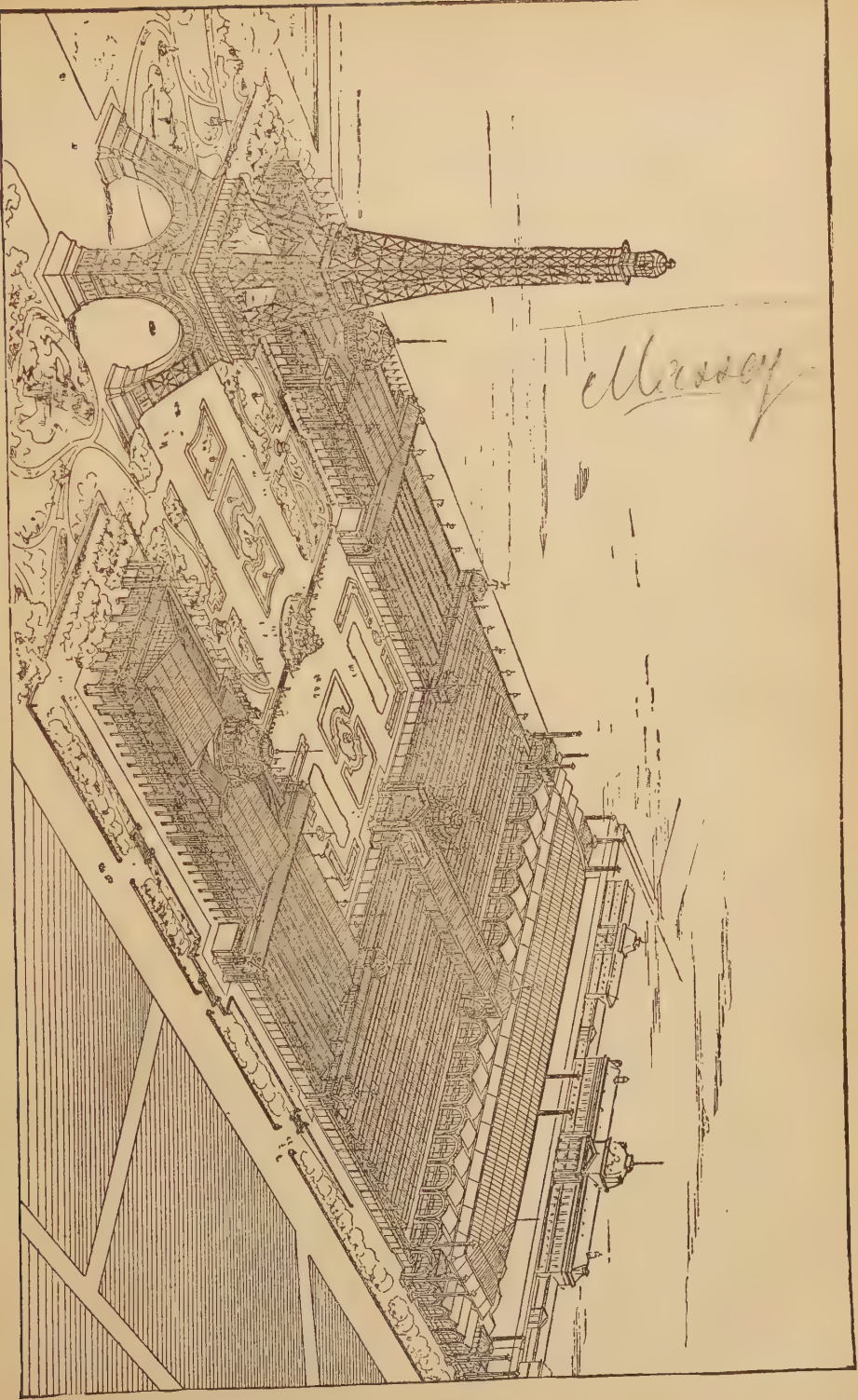
Another interesting feature of the exhibition of 1889, will be a series of buildings to be erected on the Quai d'Orsay, along the Seine, representing the habitations of different nations in all times. It is called the "History of the Habitation," and is designed by a famous French architect, M. Charles Garnier. The series will begin with the dwelling-place of pre-historic man—a mere shelter or cover under trees and rocks. Then comes the grotto of the Troglodytes, or cave-dwellers of the early Stone age; the "lake-dwellings" of the later Stone age, built upon piles over the water; and then the huts of the Bronze and Iron ages. After these follow, in order, the dwellings of the historic period, with representations of the houses of the Egyptians, Assyrians, Phœnicians, Hebrews, and others. From these the dwellings pass down to the present day; and the houses of the Incas and the Aztecs, the wigwams of the Indians, and the huts of the Africans are represented. The series will include representations of the architecture of many foreign nations of the present time, peopled by their inhabitants, dressed in their native costumes, and illustrating their native customs.

In very many respects the exhibition of 1889 will be the most instructive ever held, as it will mark a more advanced epoch of the world's industrial, scientific and artistic history than any other.

Our engraving gives a mere outline of some of the features of this remarkable exhibition. The palace of the Trocadero, which will be a chief centre of attraction, is on the opposite side of the Seine, and is connected with the group in the picture by a bridge. Of this gigantic exhibition the *Le Monde Illustré* says:—"In order to take in at a glance the vast panorama of the Universal Exposition of 1889, the scene must be viewed from the terrace of the Trocadero. At the foot of the palace we observe the beautiful park, which slopes very rapidly towards the Seine; opposite is the immense arch of the Eiffel tower, between the pillars of which we distinguish at the end of the garden the great mass of industrial galleries that are symmetrically preceded to the left and right by the twin palaces of the fine and liberal arts, and that are limited to the rear by that wonderful machinery palace which will remain the boldest conception of metallurgists of our time. Almost everywhere, at the edge of the water, on the roads, on the lawns, there are pavilions, chalets, kiosks, palaces, rustic cottages, monumental fountains, hothouses, tents, colonnades—a sort of strange city buried in verdure and flowers, a picturesque grouping of edifices of all epochs, of all countries, of all dimensions, and of all styles. Upon the whole, we have the novel impression that the entire modern world is here with its customs, its arts, its discoveries, the most complex manifestations of its life, its remembrances and its hopes.

"As vast as are the galleries designed for the exhibition of the various industries, they are not capable of accommodating the numerous foreigners, and the still more numerous Frenchmen, who have asked for space to present their products to the public therein. It has been necessary to erect in the park, in which the tower is located, an infinite

Chersey



PARIS WORLD'S EXPOSITION, 1889.

number of buildings of all sizes and shapes to accommodate these."

A large number of Canadians will, doubtless, wish to visit this great exhibition, and make at the same time a tour of some of the more attractive routes of Europe. The World's International Sunday-school Convention, to be held in London in the month of June, will also be to many an additional attraction. Many advantages will result from making up a party and securing passage and accommodation in advance at more reasonable rates than can be obtained by the single tourist. The Editor of this MAGAZINE has been urged to organize and personally to conduct such a party. In deference to this solicitation he has consented to do so, and will be happy to give any information on the subject to any persons who will address him at his residence, 240 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

WE take with pleasure the follow-

ing extract from the Montreal *Methodist*:—"We are glad to announce that the Lieut.-Governor and Council have tendered a seat on the Provincial Board of Protestant Education to the Rev. W. I. Shaw, M.A., LL.D., of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal. We congratulate the Government on the wise selection they have made. Dr. Shaw will be a great acquisition to the Board, and, no doubt, his catholic spirit and great experience in educational matters will be a help to the Protestant education of the Province of Quebec."

We beg to call special attention to the interesting communication from our Venetian correspondent, Mr. Robertson, who is pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Venice, and has ample opportunity of getting an inside view of Italian religious intelligence. We hope to receive further contributions from his graphic pen.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

One hundred and nine candidates for the ministry were examined by committees previous to Conference, of these fifty-five were refused; of the fifty-four accepted, forty-three were for home-work, ten for missions and one for Wales. All the approved were recommended for training in the Theological Colleges.

Rev. Thomas Champness, in addition to being Superintendent of an important circuit, has nearly seventy evangelists under his care, besides managing a book-room and editing a weekly newspaper. The late Conference granted him an assistant, which was very much needed.

He is a man of wonderful inge-

nuity. He keeps a horse and van, which travels the country circulating good books, one of his colporteurs uses a bicycle, and lately he has procured a tent for evangelistic services. By the latter instrumentality he hopes to draw many to hear the Gospel who do not attend church.

Mr. Champness wants more labourers, as he has "not nearly enough men to supply the circuits which are asking for help." All whom he employs must be ready to accept the following terms: "No wages, only bare support, no promise of continuous employment, with the certainty that if, after a fair trial, they do not succeed they must return to their homes."

The Wesley Memorial Church

and School at Epworth, the birth-place of the Rev. John Wesley, are now in course of erection.

A gentleman who was pained to hear of the large deficiency in the income of the Missionary Society has written to the Mission House stating that, if the Committee would refuse to make any retrenchment, he would pledge himself that in future he would give the entire profits of his business, which amounts to not less than \$5,000 annually, perhaps more, to the Society, and he hopes that others will do the same.

The Rev. M. C. Osborn, gave a very gratifying account of the state of those parts of the mission field which belong to his department. In the West Indies there is general progress. In Belize a large legacy had been left them. They were strengthening the bases of their operations and working from them into the surrounding country. A great work was in progress at Sierra Leone and the Gambia.

The colonies of the southern world are celebrating their Methodist Centennial year. In South Australia and New Zealand jubilee movements are taking place. Fifty years ago there was a remarkable entry in a district minute: "Melbourne, a minister to be sent." Now Australian Methodism has 580 ministers, nearly 400,000 adherents, and property to the value of \$15,000,000, including ten colleges. In South Australia Methodism claims one-fourth of the entire population.

Fraternal religious meetings are being held at various places in England, at which ministers and laymen of all the branches of Methodism take part, but the work of amalgamation does not advance rapidly. Some influential ministers especially claim to see insuperable barriers in the way.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The Central Board of Missions met in Winnipeg in September. Owing to the liberal offer of the manager of the C.P.R., a considerable number of ministers and others took the trip, which was a great contrast

to the time when the late Rev. Geo. McDougall came from his mission near the Rocky Mountains to the first General Conference in 1874, and was nine weeks on the journey. All the Conferences were represented at the Central Board meeting. As the income is in excess of last year nearly \$20,000, an increase is made to the appropriations of the missionaries, which was greatly needed, more especially on the domestic missions. The scale of allowance agreed upon was \$900 to married ministers in Manitoba and \$750 to single men; Newfoundland, \$800; British Columbia, \$1,000; other missions, \$750; \$19,763 was appropriated to Japan, and for the Indian work \$40,000. There is a gain in the Japan membership of 497, or sixty per cent., but the financial gain is 100 per cent. A native Chinese missionary has been received from China to labour in British Columbia, but how humiliating that \$250 capitation tax had to be paid at the custom house before he could be permitted to land.

A great deal of time has been occupied in discussing the state of the Indian work. Unfair means have been adopted by the Government in favour of the Episcopalians and Roman Catholics. It is expected that steps will be taken at once for the establishment of Industrial schools at Battle River, White Cap's reserve. A good deal of uneasiness exists in British Columbia on the Indian question, in which the honour of the Church is involved. A deputation was appointed to make an investigation on the spot. The citizens of Winnipeg entertained the members of the Board right royally. Several pulpits both in the city and country were occupied on the Sabbath by ministers from the east, a public reception was given, and an enthusiastic missionary meeting was held.

Dovercourt Road Church, Toronto, was dedicated since our last issue; three other churches are in course of erection, and the announcement has been made for the re-opening of the People's Church, which has been much enlarged. The new circuit formed last Conference in College

Street bids fair to become a strong cause. Corner-stones of new churches in other places have also been laid.

A new mission has been started in the City of St. John, N.B. All the churches seem to be well organized for evangelistic work. Several open-air services have been held, and the prospect is very cheering.

The late George B. Beer, Esq., of Charlottetown, P. E. I., left \$500 for the Missionary Society, which has been paid.

The Montreal *Methodist* remarks: "The Wesleyan Theological College has secured the services of the Rev. Dr. Antliff as a professor for next year. Dr. Antliff, it is expected, will have charge of Douglas Church and give a part of his time to the college. The Rev. Wm. Howitt, B.A., has also been engaged as tutor. Twelve new students have entered this year. The college is growing, and will evidently soon have to have enlarged accommodation. Dr. Antliff's valuable services will be an important help to the college.

A periodical has been started in Newfoundland, called *The Methodist Monthly Greeting*, edited by the Rev. H. Lewis. It will be a valuable medium for diffusing circuit intelligence, and will be a boon to the Conference.

The poverty of the people in Newfoundland is unprecedented. Two quintals of cod-fish, representing about \$8, with a few barrels of potatoes and a little cabbage, are the only available resources of many families for the winter. On a recent Sunday a large congregation gave fourteen cents for the General Conference Fund collection. Scarcely in any other country is there a harder field of toil for the Master. Some idea of the work may be gathered from the fact that our Conference colporteur last year travelled several hundreds of miles in open boat visiting over eighty settlements, preaching and visiting the families, and selling close upon \$900 worth of books.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

A Methodist hospital is about to be

established at Chicago. There is a Ministers' Home near Rhinebeck, New York, which is the property of New York Conference. It consists of 185 acres, and was donated by Mr. Thomas Suckley. There are now eight houses on the premises. One is occupied by the farmer, and seven by families of needy, worn-out preachers. The houses, though not alike, are equally pleasant, and cost about \$2,000 each. No rent is charged for the houses. Fuel, milk, vegetables, and fruit are also free, and each family receives about \$250 from the Conference Fund. The home is well endowed, and is likely to prove self-sustaining.

An effort is being made to establish an Italian Methodist Church in New York City.

The Boards of the Sunday-school Union and of the Tract Society have united in asking the sum of \$50,000 for the Sunday-school Union and \$50,000 for the Tract Society, to be raised between October, 1888, and October 1889.

A Methodist colony is being formed in Florida, to be known as Asbury Green. The design is to provide homes for ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church when they are obliged to retire from service or seek homes in a milder climate. Each home is to consist of a neat cottage and three acres of strawberry land. The Church will be asked to contribute at the rate of \$15 per every member of an annual Conference. It is estimated that the income from the three acres will yield a comfortable support.

There are more than a million of coloured Methodists in the United States, divided among five different branches. If these good brethren would unite in one body, what an example they would set to the white people.

Rev. A. B. Lilga, Swedish missionary at Castle Garden, calculates that 60,000 Swedes and Norwegians came to this country during the year ending June 11. He says there are 600 Swedish Lutheran congregations in America, comprising 125,000 members.

THE DEATH ROLL.

During the last month death has reaped an abundant harvest. The late Geo. W. Stevenson, M.A., died at a ripe old age at his residence, London, England. He was well known to Methodists on both sides of the Atlantic. He was correspondent of several American newspapers. Probably there was no man so deserving the name of a Methodist Cyclopædist. He almost literally ceased at once to work and live.

The Rev. John Hudston, of the Methodist New Connexion, entered into rest shortly after Conference. He had been in the ministry fifty-five years. He was formerly editor of the Connexional Magazine. He was also an earnest advocate of Methodist union.

The Rev. W. Bennett, of the Primitive Methodist Church, has finished his course. He had been nearly forty years in the ministry.

The Rev. John Guest, also of the Primitive Methodist Church died very suddenly at Dudley, in September. He had just completed the thirty-seventh year of his ministry.

In our own Church the widow of the late Rev. Enoch Wood, D.D., has soon followed her sainted husband. She was a lady well stricken in years, and greatly beloved for her many Christian virtues.

The Rev. Henry Lanton has been called from the battle-field of life. The present writer knew him when he was a local preacher in the city of Durham, England. He was one of the first students that was sent to the Wesleyan Theological Institution, where he was in the same class with the Rev. W. Arthur, M.A. Mr. Lanton spent most of his minority in the Province of Quebec. For about twenty years he has sustained a superannuated relation and has resided in Hamilton, where he preached very frequently, and was greatly beloved.

The well-known Dr. J. B. Aylsworth died in the last week in September, at Georgetown. He resided at Collingwood, but was on his way to London, when he was taken ill and died. He was in the ministry more than thirty years, and was Chairman of Districts a few years, and also acted for some time as agent of Victoria College. He retired from the active work in 1874, but laboured as a local preacher and Sunday-school worker. He was an earnest advocate of temperance and laboured hard for prohibition.

As these notes are being prepared news has just reached us that the Rev. J. N. Robinson has died of typhoid fever in Manitoba. He had been in the ministry nearly twenty years.

Book Notices.

John Ward, Preacher. By MARGARET DELAND. Pp. 473. Sixth Edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

It is somewhat remarkable that the two books which are probably attracting more current attention than any others are two "religious novels," both written by women and both discussing the profoundest problems of belief. The English novel, "Robert Elsmere," has been amply

treated by Dr. Stafford in this Magazine. "John Ward, Preacher," has been made the subject of a long commendatory review by Archdeacon Farrar in "Longman's Magazine," and has already reached its sixth American edition. If people *will* read novels it is better that they read such as discuss the gravest problems of existence than that they waste their time on frivolous fiction, or on the scrofulous French novels of the period. It is a proof, too, of the

deep and undying interest of the great themes of religion.

The book under notice is a strongly written work, rising at times to a tragic pathos. We quote in part the summary by Archdeacon Farrar: "John Ward, a Calvinist of the sternest and gloomiest school, and yet a man of an infinitely tender and sensitive nature, has cherished a love of the most sacred depth for Helen, the rector's niece, and this love is returned with all the warmth and passion of the girl's nature. Yet they are wholly unlike each other. He holds to his terrific creed with absolute conviction. From his remorseless logic her whole soul recoils." This divergence of belief is the "little rift within the lute" which mars the harmony of their married life. His intense convictions compel Ward to seek the conversion of his wife to his own gloomy creed. Failing to do this, he feels it to be his duty, though it is plucking out his very heart, to renounce her wifely love. While she is absent on a visit, he writes a letter in intensest agony of soul, "on his knees and in floods of tears" forbidding her return till she has "seen the truth" and accepted his belief. She lives on in lonely weariness, and spends long hours by her mother's grave. But the husband's heart is broken by his immense self-sacrifice for conscience' sake, and he falls dangerously ill. His wife flies to his side—"there were no words; those empty dying arms were stretched out to her, and she gathered him close to her heart," and he dies in her arms.

Such in briefest outline is the story which has many idyllic episodes on which we cannot dwell. While we admit the literary skill of Mrs. Deland, we cannot agree with Archdeacon Farrar that "she is never unfair to the doctrines which she so evidently repudiates." We do not consider "John Ward" a true type of modern Presbyterianism. We doubt even if the picture be true of the stern Calvinism of Jonathan Edwards, or of the fierce Cameronians, or of Calvin himself. It seems more akin to the bigotry of Torquemada or St. Dominick. It must be

said, however, that she invests her hero with traits of noblest character and tenderest sensibility. But even his intense and stern religious convictions seem to us infinitely superior to the very limp opinions of Dr. Howe, the jolly rector, who says, "You can always find some other meaning in a text, you know;" who has no word of certitude for his old friend, the village lawyer, in his dying hour; and who, when John Ward charges him, in the sacred name of Him whose minister he is, to examine his own soul, flings away in a rage with an oath.

Jonathan Edwards, whose stern theology is so vigorously denounced was, next to Whitfield, the greatest religious force in America during the last century, and began in the torpid and almost moribund New England churches, a wide-sweeping revival, still described as "The Great Awakening," of which the effects are felt to the present day. A few months ago the present writer slept in the house and in the room in which Edwards wrote his immortal treatise on the Human Will; and in the history of that town of Stockbridge, where Edwards laboured as a faithful missionary to the Indians, we felt the moral grandeur of the man amply vindicated. The strongest Arminian will not grudge the tribute of appreciation of the grand heroic souls God has given to the world from the Church of Calvin and of Knox.

The Aryan Race, its Origin and its Achievements. By CHARLES MORRIS, Author of "A Manual of Classical Literature." Pp. 347. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

"Somewhere," says the author in his opening chapter, "no man can say just where; at some time, it is equally impossible to say when—there dwelt in Europe or Asia a most remarkable family of mankind. No history mentions their names or gives a hint of their existence; no legend or tradition has floated down to us from that vanished realm of

life. . . . Yet this utterly prehistoric and ante-legendary race, this dead scion of a dead past, has been raised from its grave and displayed in its ancient shape before the eyes of men till we know its history as satisfactorily as we know that of many peoples yet living upon the face of the earth. We know the words it spoke, the gods it worshipped, the laws it made. How we have learned all this forms one of the most interesting chapters of modern science, the reality of our knowledge cannot be questioned. No history is half so trustworthy. Down from from the far past of Aryan days flows a wonderful river, floating on its bosom tell-tale vestiges of the long-lost tribes. This river is the stream of language, parted into many heads, and yet bearing along in words and the roots of words sure evidences of the mind, habits, arts, life, religion, location of our Aryan ancestors."

The purpose of this book is to popularize the results of many years of study of this subject. Mr. Morris discusses at length the home of the Aryans, their migrations, their household and village life, their worship, their language, their literature, their philosophy, their institutions. He finds that they lived in houses, not in tents; that they had cows, horses, sheep, and dogs; that they wore sheepskins and built sheepecotes, stables and pigsties; that they were fond of roast goose and honey-mead; that they used the plough, sickle, handmills, the hammer, anvil, and forge. They had waggons, roads, markets and probably slaves; the women carded, spun, wove and sewed cloth. They could count by tens and compute time by the month. They believed in ghosts and witches, in a demon of darkness and a good God over all. All this and more is deduced from irrefragable evidence.

This is not a book of dry-as-dust philosophy. It is interesting as a novel. Mr. Morris is master of a charming style, and imparts a strange fascination to this study. His forecast of the future is full of faith and hope. The Aryan races are possessing the earth in Asia, Africa, America; the inferior races are every-

where giving way before them, the result will be the integration of mankind and the abolition of war. "The time will inevitably come," he exclaims with the prophetic vision of the seer, "when the great body of confederated nations will take the dragon war by the throat and crush the last remnant of life out of its detestable body." Religiously the antique Aryan principle has similarly declared itself. The code of Christ is the accepted code of nearly all Aryan lands. At its basis lies the principle of universal sympathy, of universal brotherhood. So also industrially; not with the sword will the Aryans conquer the earth, but with the plough and the tool of the artisan. The Aryan may go forth to conquer and possess, but it will be with peace, plenty and prosperity and plenty in his hand; and under his awakening touch the whole earth will yet "bud and blossom as the rose." We heartily commend this scholarly work to the attention of all thoughtful readers.

In the Tennessee Mountains. By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK. Eighteenth Edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

The recent visit of the writer to the mountain region made classic by Miss Murfree's strongly-written stories enables him to enjoy with keenest zest this volume of Tennessee sketches. We can testify to the photographic fidelity of her exquisite word-painting of the varied aspects of mountain scenery, and, as far as we could judge, of mountain character. While without the religious significance of "John Ward, Preacher," we think that Miss Murfree's books occupy a decidedly higher literary plane. She has a poet's sympathy with the varying moods of nature, and an artist's skill in depicting them in words. Her character-drawing in "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain," "The Despot of Broom Sedge Cove," and other longer works, is strong and bold. In this book are a number of shorter sketches by which she first

won fame. She loves her mountaineers and delights in bringing out their best points on her canvas. Her skill in the use of their quaint dialect is consummate. None who study these vignettes will forget the tender pathos of "Drifting down lost creek," the weird mystery of "The Hant that walks Chilohowe," the heroism of "The Star in the Valley," or the fine humour of other sketches.

The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Romans, with Notes, Comments, Maps and Illustrations. By the Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D. 8vo., pp. 230. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

The pre-announcement of this book is more than fulfilled by the published volume. We deem it one of the best of commentaries on one of the most important books of the New Testament. A valuable introduction gives a well-studied sketch of the life and character and work of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. The author differs from many commentators as to the character of St. Paul. He considers him more an evangelist than a philosopher, more a poet than a scholastic. His comments, therefore, are practical rather than those of the forensic school of interpreters. The commentary is highly condensed, and the engravings are new, well drawn and well cut.

The Transfiguration of Life, and Other Sermons. By Rev. EDWARD S. ATWOOD, D.D. Pp. 242. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. Price \$1.25.

Dr. Atwood has but lately passed away. The fragrance of his life is still in the air. And now as this memorial volume, containing eleven of his choicest sermons, is placed in our hands, we seem again to hear the voice whose tones have scarcely ceased to vibrate. The sermons are so chosen as to touch a wide range of topics and address various classes of hearers. They illustrate well the brilliancy, earnestness, and depth of their author. Few men in the min-

istry equalled him in the art of putting things. A fine portrait of Dr. Atwood faces the title-page, and the volume is beautifully printed and elegantly bound, with gilt top edges. It is a credit to the Society issuing it.

The National Hand-Book of American Progress. A Reference Manual of Facts and Figures, from the Discovery of America to the present time. Edited by Bishop E. O. HAVEN, D.D., LL.D., late Chancellor of Syracuse University, N.Y. Enlarged and revised to date. By Hon. T. E. WILLSON, Editorial staff, N. Y. *World*, and Rev. J. SANDERSON, D.D., Editor *The Pulpit and Treasury*. Pp. 575. New York: E. B. Treat. Price \$2.00.

The title of this book indicates very fully its character and scope. It will, we dare say, be more popular in the United States than in Canada. But it will be found useful to intelligent readers in any country. The names of Bishop Haven and his co-editors are a guarantee that the work is impartially done. A perfect cyclopædia of information is given in the several departments of history, biography, statistics, finances, politics, etc.

Bible Studies of the Old and New Testaments, covering the International Sunday-school Lessons for 1889. By GEORGE F. PENTECOST, D.D. Pp. 400. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Price, paper, 50 cents.

This is the first of the lesson studies for next year that has come to hand. It is in fact a commentary on the Book of Mark, covering the ministry of our Lord, and studies in Jewish history from the time of Samuel to the end of the reign of Solomon. Dr. Pentecost's spiritual insight and expository skill make this volume an admirable aid to both teachers and scholars in the study of these important sections of God's Word. It is one of the triumphs of the International Lesson system that such a high class commentary can be furnished for the low price of 50 cents.

Odds and Ends; or, Gleanings from Missionary Life. By Rev. C. H. WHEELER, D.D. Pp. 202. Price \$1.25. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society.

In the historical sketches given of the various missions many things are left out concerning which people have a strong desire to know. Dr. Wheeler was made aware by the inquiries put to him that some information should be given concerning habits, customs, modes of dealing with various problems arising in missionary work, etc. Hence this book, which is a gathering up of the odds and ends of missionary life, rather than a systematic presentation of the mission work in the Harpoot field. Those who have read Dr. Wheeler's other books need not be told that this is breezy, full of humour and of seriousness, brilliant at times, and never dull. It is just the book to increase the interest of the young in missions. It has several good engravings.

The Lost Tide. By JESSIE PATRICK FINLAY. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

The purpose of this book is to illustrate the *dictum* of Shakespeare:

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at its flood, leads on to
fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in misery.

It is a strongly-written story of Scottish life. The rich Doric vernacular is admirably given. One of the episodes, which we quote elsewhere, would make a strong temperance tract. Another phrase of Shakespeare's well describes the motive of the tale:

The flighty purpose ne'er is overtook
Unless the deed go with it.

Chronicles of the St. James' Street Methodist Church, Montreal. By G. E. JAKES, jun. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 116.

This admirable memorial volume

of this time-honoured church did not come under our notice till after the descriptive article on the same subject in another part of this MAGAZINE was in type for the press. We procured the cuts several months ago for immediate use, but absence from home prevented the fulfilment of that purpose till the present time. Our brief article is, however, in no sense a substitute for Mr. Jaques' handsome volume. Every Methodist in Montreal, and many outside of it, ought to have a copy of his beautiful *souvenir* of this grand old church, whose history is to a large extent the history of Lower Canadian Methodism for over eighty years. The book is compiled with excellent taste and indefatigable industry, and is beautifully printed.

LITERARY NOTES.

We have received from Theo. Robinson, publisher, Montreal, a parcel of books to which we can give only a qualified approval. They are legibly printed and cheap—25 and 30 cents—but for a popular Canadian library we would prefer that books of more permanent value had been chosen. Among these books are the now famous "Letters from Heaven" and "Letters from Hell." The latter appeared over twenty years ago in Denmark, and was recently introduced to English readers by the popular author, George Macdonald. We think the themes of these books too solemn to be treated in a familiar manner, in song or sermon, in story or picture. Hence our sensibilities recoil from both Dore's and Dante's representations of the after-world as an attempt to be wise above what is written, which the reverent reticence of Scripture rebukes. Howard Pyle's "Adventures of Captain John Macra" has literary merit and is a good imitation of eighteenth century style, but the subject is an unpleasant one. Amélie Rive's fantastic story, "The Quick or the Dead," is written, in our judgment, in wretched taste, and is a sad falling off from the merit of that gifted author's "Brother of Dragons" and other stories.



QUEEN VICTORIA.